STULTITIA

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STULTITIA

Photograph by Ed. Alderman

STULTITIA
(Folly)

From the fresco by Giotto in Cappella degli Scrovegni all 'Arena in Padua.

STULTITIA

A Nightmare and an Awakening

IN FOUR DISCUSSIONS

BY

A FORMER AMERICAN
GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL

NEW YORK
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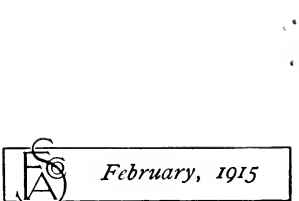

TO MY
HELPMEET

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Senator Dormant.

Senator Rock.

Mrs. Rock, his wife.

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Mr. Shuffler, a Representative in Congress.

Mrs. Evangeline Tinker.

Doctor Harmony.

Mrs. Riley, a charwoman.

Daniel Riley, her son.

Mr. Turner, a clerk and friend of Dan's.

Miss Turner, his sister (afterwards Mrs. Hawk).

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CAPTAIN JEFFRIES.
CLERK IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.
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MESSENGER BOY.
SERVANT, colored.

FIRST DISCUSSION

FIRST DISCUSSION

It is a large room. Its massive utility and unsympathetic lines give it a character expressing the meeting of middle XIXth Century ugliness with modern fireproof strength. On the walls are portraits, some of men in military uniform. The furniture is simple and spare. On our left of the center stands a great flat desk. It is piled with disordered papers and dispatch boxes. Behind it is an empty chair. On other tables are piles of documents, manuscripts and books. At a smaller desk sits a man of thirty-five,— CAPTAIN HAWK. *He has the clean-cut features and rather high cheek bones and the spare figure of a type of simon-pure American. He wears a dark grey sack suit and is in his shirt sleeves. Opposite him sits a somewhat older man of similar type, but now stooped and with a look of sadness, care and some bitterness. In an adjoining room may be heard the rattle of many typewriters. Clerks pass in and out with typewritten copy.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

Hand me the report of our military attaché at the Paris Embassy — the one describing the French conscription system and their territorial army. Yes. (*Dictating*) Take this. "Quite apart from the vast saving of life by preparedness for war, the placing of the militia under a uniform discipline and training inculcates a national spirit." Another note. "Time not wasted. Men taught trades during the period of their military service. Boy scout movement. Patriotism. Discipline during the most dangerous period of youth. Restoration of canteen. Control of diseases. Exercise and health training." Have you put in those figures showing the thousands of lives we sacrificed, quite uselessly, in that little scrap with Spain, because we were unprepared?

THE CLERK

Oh, yes, Sir. That was the third or fourth note. The last point is numbered 67. You ought to take a nap, Captain. You're all in. This day and night rush takes me back to the Spanish War time. The old man used to stand here like a rock. Pulled and hauled in every direction. Never turned a hair. Calm as a May

morning. Even swore courteously. Never smiled. (*He laughs*) One day a fat Senator blew in from his seashore place to ask whether Cervera's fleet was likely to hit him. That Senator had voted for no navy, because they didn't need one out West where his constituents lived. I guess he wanted the General to send up a corporal's guard to catch the shells and put Cervera out at home plate.

CAPTAIN HAWK

It seems to me you're pretty chipper this April morning. This is no Spanish war. It's worse. If our Department and the Navy Department and the State Department can't beat some sense into Congress, their children are going to be made into sausage meat by some nation that's *not* too cocky to face facts. That's all there is about that. I'd rather run a Spanish war a year than be responsible a week for this blind drifting. We've simply got to get these estimates through. Oh, please get me that memorandum on our foreign relations as bearing on military and naval policy; the one they discussed at the last Cabinet meeting.

THE CLERK *leaves the room.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

Good Lord! Another week of 25 hour days like this, and I see my finish. (*He grows drowsy*) No union hours working for the American Union. God bless the old show anyhow. What damned fools we're getting to be. Lord have mercy upon us.

He goes to sleep with his head on his arm. THE CLERK *enters. He motions to the typewriters to cease and tiptoes around the room putting out the electric lights. He passes into the outer office carefully closing the door. The rattle of the typewriters grows faint. The room grows quite dark.*

Gradually the dawn lightens the big windows through which the silhouette of the Washington monument and the green vista of the White Lot are seen. The chirping of birds is heard. The first shaft of sunlight plays on the portraits of Washington and Lincoln which hang side by side above two crossed swords at one end of the room. CAPTAIN HAWK *sleeps on. A rummaging noise is heard in the corridor as the charwomen begin their scrubbing. The door is opened.*

A broad woman with an apron and a jolly face stands with a mop in one hand. She is humming an Irish tune quite softly in sweet low voice. CAPTAIN HAWK *moves nervously in his sleep and mutters:*

CAPTAIN HAWK

Poor navy fellows. Worse than us. Sunk like rats. Three to one. No chance. Damn that fellow Shuffler. Everything for re-election. Country can go to hell.

He awakes with a start.

CHARWOMAN

Lord bless my soul, if it ain't Captain Hawk. It's scan'alous you ruinin' yer health like this. Three times this week I've met ye goin' out when I come in the marnin'.

CAPTAIN HAWK

It's all right, Mrs. Riley. We've got to work for a living the same as you.

CHARWOMAN

Aw, go wan. It's not for a livin' yer wurrukin' — you with all thim automobiles 'n foine horses. Why don't ye enjoy yerself?

CAPTAIN HAWK *opens a cupboard and gets a tea-cup, a thermos bottle and some biscuits and drinks a cup of tea.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

Mrs. Riley, do you love your country?

CHARWOMAN

Sure, I do. I love America and I love old Ireland. Wan of the two of them's always smilin' at me, so I don't have to worry much about either. I hold me Government job, wurrukin' three hours a morning, an' I run me boardin' house on the side.

CAPTAIN HAWK *lights a cigarette and paces up and down and then stands back to the mantelpiece.*

CHARWOMAN

Besides, I have me bye —

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*Solemnly*) Well, you see I love my country, too, only this one is the only one I've got in the whole world. So I suppose I like to work for it. (*Bitterly*) A lot of good it seems to do.

CHARWOMAN

Of course your wurrukin' does good. Yer tired. What's they been doin' to ye? When I come in ye was swearin' scan'alous. An' what's that ye sez about a man named Shuffler? Shuffler's the name of me Congressman. He keeps me in this job because me bye Dan as wurks for the contractor in Chicago is the boss of tin precincts. The Honorable Karl Shuffler's moighty polite to me bye Dan.

CAPTAIN HAWK

I'm glad Mr. Shuffler likes Dan and is kind to Dan's good mother.

CHARWOMAN

Aw, you livin' here in Washington and thinkin' it's kindness. Ye ought to have a mother to look after ye! Dan's the finest bye in the ninth ward. He controls the election. He's six feet, foine blue eyes an'—

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*Interrupting*) You mean to say seriously that your son could defeat Mr. Shuffler next November?

CHARWOMAN

I do thot — an' I must be doin' up this room.

She mops about and starts to go.

CAPTAIN HAWK

What is your address in Washington? Oh, never mind. The Superintendent will have it, of course.

THE CHARWOMAN *goes out, looking puzzled, with a fond gesture toward* CAPTAIN HAWK, *who is not looking.* CAPTAIN HAWK *goes to the outer office and returns with* THE CLERK *bearing typewritten manuscripts. They sit down at his desk and sort them into one pile.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

Now get a tape for these and lay them on the Chief's desk. We've made great headway since he went home at midnight. All you people must go home now and not come back until this afternoon. You come at three. Then we'll see what's up and we can send for the others if we need them.

THE CLERK *goes out through the outer office and* CAPTAIN HAWK *goes over and looks out the window. The door opens to admit*

a man of 55, well set up and trim, clad in khaki uniform and brown boots and wearing the insignia of a general officer. He is General Middleton, the Chief of Staff. With him is his daughter, a woman of thirty, straight and slender with dark hair and eyes, a noble face and simple manner. She is in riding clothes and looks merry and exhilarated.

THE GENERAL

Well, Hawk, I see you've made a night of it again.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Good morning, Miss Middleton. Good morning, General. I've put a tremendous brief on your desk. I hope it will be useful in your interviews today, and at the hearings tomorrow. When that fellow Shuffler —

MISS MIDDLETON

Oh, who is this Shuffler man, Harry? My father swears at him in his sleep if he even takes a nap.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Oh, he is the chairman of the party caucus. He's one of our very most poisonous little " lit-

tle Americans." He's for no battleships, no army, no diplomacy. A chip on each shoulder and both arms in a sling — that's his policy.

THE GENERAL

What about our friend Shuffler? He promised to come today really to talk things over. Might as well talk to a sardine without a can-opener.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Well, Mrs. Riley, our charwoman, is the can-opener. Her son Daniel is foreman with a Chicago firm of contractors and is a political boss. He's the guy that can put the shove in Shuffler.

MISS MIDDLETON

Harry! You're growing weak minded. Go home to bed at once.

THE GENERAL

Please send down my civilian clothes as soon as you get home.

MISS MIDDLETON

Why change? You look very nice.

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*Ironically*) You forget that we can't wear uniform because Congress would see that there were a lot of us in town and that military affairs were being handled by professionals, who are of course prejudiced.

MISS MIDDLETON

(*To* CAPT. HAWK) Well, you aren't much on dress yourself. Sack coats all winter. Why don't you wear flannels and a straw hat, if you will be informal, a hot morning like this?

CAPTAIN HAWK

My dear lady. Your ancestors have been here as long as mine. No, I beat you by ten years, we got here in 1630. And you don't know your country a bit.

MISS MIDDLETON

But you ought to wear uniform on duty at the Department. And the others ought to wear formal black coats and look like officials in office hours.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Nonsense, my dear lady. It's undemocratic to be properly dressed. Uniforms suggest czars — abhorrent to our free institutions. I dassent wear a straw hat before the decreed date. One can only be picturesque in the name of democracy.

MISS MIDDLETON

Like Senator Dormant, who hates the country and wears a sombrero, low necked waistcoat and evening tie to look like a rural statesman.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Precisely, Madam. That is unstudied simplicity.

MISS MIDDLETON

Goodbye, father, I'm going to send this chatterbox home.

They go out. THE GENERAL *sits down at his desk and plunges into his papers. The curtain is lowered to indicate the passage of two hours and a half.*

THE GENERAL *in a black cutaway coat sits at his desk still studying the dossier. The door*

opens and an old colored messenger comes in to announce REPRESENTATIVE SHUFFLER.

THE GENERAL

Show him in.

There enters with lordly self-assured air a bustling man of medium height and figure, badly dressed in citified style, wearing a brown sack suit. The expression of his face is hard and cynical, with keen eyes. THE GENERAL *advances toward the door and greets him with rather excessive warmth. This* MR. SHUFFLER *receives as a matter of course and with slight return, at the same time throwing himself into a chair, crossing his legs and joining the tips of his fingers, with head on one side and assuming a judicial attitude.*

THE GENERAL

I cannot tell you how happy I am, Mr. Shuffler, that you have come in, really to talk over these matters of military and naval legislation. Of course, I know that you realize as well as I do that they are of vital interest to all the men

and women of our country and that upon them depends our safety and the safety of our children and our children's children. Of course, I know that you who are the leaders in Congress feel the terrible responsibility of guarding the nation's safety, just as keenly as we soldiers do, and just as keenly as do the naval and diplomatic branches of this Government.

MR. SHUFFLER *shifts his leg uneasily, slowly nods general acquiescence and assumes a still more impressive and thoughtful mien. Then briskly taking out his watch:*

MR. SHUFFLER

It's 9:30, General; at 10 I have a very important appointment to see the President, in relation to a matter of grave moment to the interests of the party in my State. (MR. SHUFFLER *unbends and leans forward with a more genial expression, tapping* THE GENERAL'S *knee*) Now, you're a practical man, General. You know the President is going too far with this business of disregarding politics in his appointments. Civil Service is all very well for high-brow talk, but we've got to keep the organization together. (MR. SHUFFLER *grows very interested, and walks up and*

down the room) Yes, I've got to see the President about the appointment of that collector of internal revenue in my home town. (*Turning to* THE GENERAL *and speaking with a gesture and expression of derision*) Why, do you know, the President has nominated for Ambassador that fellow Drake, who works in the State Department. He's never done a thing for the party and we can't stand for it.

THE GENERAL

(*Uneasily*) I should like nothing better than to talk these things over with you, Mr. Shuffler, but our time is so short. Will you please tell me whether you are going to be able to hold the caucus in favor of the battleship program, the militia reorganization and the ship subsidy to give us those army transports?

A NEGRO MESSENGER

Senator Dormant and Senator Rock with a lady and gentleman with them, sir.

THE GENERAL

Excuse me. Do they wish to see me together?

MESSENGER

Yes, sir.

THE GENERAL

This is too bad, Mr. Shuffler, just as we were getting down to this great subject we want to co-operate upon.

MR. SHUFFLER

Oh, have them in. I know both the Senators well. (*With an air of pride*) We will talk it all over together. (*Confidentially*) You know they're both mighty important to you, in the Foreign Relations, Naval and Military Affairs Committees,— all three.

THE GENERAL

Show them in.

They enter. SENATOR DORMANT *is a tall, portly man with a courteous manner and a benign and guileless face. He wears a long dark coat, broad brimmed black felt hat, rather low waistcoat and white tie; carries a cane and speaks with a slight Southern accent.* SENATOR ROCK *has the air of a self-*

made man, but a man of the world. He exudes an atmosphere of prosperity and well-being. He looks clever and determined. The lady is dressed plainly and unfashionably. She wears gold-rimmed eyeglasses tethered to her back hair by a fine gold chain and black silk gloves and carries a bulging bag of twine net. She is of medium height, spare, rather sallow,— a woman of fifty. The third man is below the middle height, and of rotund figure, sleek in address and appearance. He has small grey eyes, a rosy complexion and wears an obsolete style of mutton-chop whiskers. He speaks with a New England accent.

THE GENERAL *advances to meet them, bowing ceremoniously to the lady, and shaking hands with the* SENATORS.

SENATOR ROCK

General, I want you to know Mrs. Evangeline Tinker, the well-known leader in the temperance movement. Mrs. Tinker is, without doubt, the most influential woman in my State and is one of my constituents whom I am most proud to represent. (*Clearing his throat*) Mrs. Tinker is

here in opposition to the movement to restore the canteen to the Army.

THE GENERAL *bows gravely.*

SENATOR DORMANT

General, I have the honor to present to you Doctor Harmony, of the Peace and Arbitration Society. Doctor Harmony has given years of study to the peace movement in this and other countries. He has been presented at many European courts and has, indeed, received a personal assurance from many of the sovereigns of Europe that they are ardently devoted to the cause of peace and hope for disarmament at the first opportune moment.

DOCTOR HARMONY *rubs his hands, swells up a little and with a sweet smile of confidence in pleading a righteous cause, says:*

DR. HARMONY

Yes, General, I am a proud and patriotic American. I like to see America take the lead and I want to have the United States, and particularly the present administration, bring to our beloved country that highest of possible honors, the honor

of taking the initiative in the great movement of international disarmament.

CAPTAIN HAWK *enters and quietly seats himself at his desk, exchanging the barest nod with* THE GENERAL.

MR. SHUFFLER

The Doctor here has eloquently expressed a feeling which I have felt obliged me to oppose any excessive naval or military increases at the present juncture. Our people are complaining of the high cost of living. The opposition party has raised the cry of economy in government. We must —

SENATOR DORMANT

(*In a rather oratorical tone*) The wise fathers who framed the Constitution, which is the palladium of our liberties, and who saw with such unerring vision the future course marked out for this their country, never intended that we should fall the victims of militarism. Now General Washington especially warns us —

THE GENERAL

I know, Senator, General Washington thought we should avoid entangling alliances. That is very true, no doubt, but we must not get into the position of the defenseless little boy with all the bullies leagued against him. I revere the wisdom of the founders of the Republic. They were too wise to dogmatize as to the manner of dealing with the new situations of the distant future. They looked at the facts as they were then. We only ask you to look at the facts as they are now. We beg you to consider those facts and answer our arguments, if you can, with reason. But don't try to kill scientifically prepared plans for the national defense by quoting a dogma uttered by Washington or Jefferson when obviously thinking of a quite different situation.

SENATOR DORMANT

Well, well, the United States has plenty of business to attend to at home. I don't believe in this new diplomacy and interference with these little South American republics. I don't believe in our mixing in about their custom houses, and debts, and loans. Let 'em eat one another up if they want to and good riddance. We've got troubles

enough of our own. I agree with the Doctor here. I'm for arbitration.

SENATOR ROCK

Senator, we are detaining Mrs. Tinker, so if you will allow me, I will now ask her to state to General Middleton her position on this canteen question (*clearing his throat*) one in which I take a peculiar interest.

MRS. TINKER

Well, General, if you and the Secretary of War persist in pressing to restore to the army the iniquitous institution of the canteen, we propose to start such an agitation in every State in this Union, through the press and from the pulpit, that the President will have to get a Secretary of War and a Chief of Staff who will not cater to the liquor interests and debauch the youth of the country with the demon rum through the vile institution of the canteen.

THE GENERAL

(*Coloring, but speaking with disarming courtesy*) But, my dear Madam, allow me —

MRS. TINKER

Our Association has organizations in every State of the Union and is affiliated with all those who fight in the great army of purity and temperance. We are going to —

THE GENERAL

My dear Mrs. Tinker, I should have been most happy to discuss this subject with you with the utmost frankness, but I see that you are already convinced. I suppose you are aware that the liquor interests in your State are also opposing the restoration of the canteen. The whisky dealers evidently think they can sell more bad whisky in the low dives which infest the neighborhoods just outside our military posts. We cannot control those dives. They are having a ruinous effect upon the health and morals of the soldiers. We want the canteen precisely because we believe in temperance — in health. However, you must have considered all this before taking the responsibility of opposing the canteen.

MRS. TINKER

(*To* SENATOR ROCK) I am sorry, very sorry, Senator, to find General Middleton against us.

Having made my position plain, it remains to me only to leave with him this copy of a petition bearing 10,000 names. (*She rises and fishes it out of the net bag*) I bid you good day, General Middleton.

SENATOR ROCK

Shall I accompany you, Mrs. Tinker?

MRS. TINKER

No, thank you, Senator; but I would like you to take me to see the President tomorrow.

SENATOR ROCK

(*Bowing*) Always at your service. You have only to telephone when you would like me to make the appointment.

MRS. TINKER *goes out.*

THE GENERAL

(*To* SENATOR ROCK, *with a quizzical expression*) I thought I wouldn't mention to Mrs. Tinker the letter you sent me from that distilling company in your State, sharing, for different reasons, her opposition to the canteen. I thought there was a possibility that Mrs. Tinker might

misunderstand (*slight pause*) although, of course, I quite appreciate the impartiality with which you have to represent all interests.

SENATOR ROCK

Oh, yes, of course, of course. You did quite right, General. Sometimes women do not understand these matters.

THE GENERAL

Gentlemen, it is a great privilege to me to have this opportunity to discuss with you a matter of such vital interest to the whole American people as the protection of this country in its position among nations. (*To* DR. HARMONY) Dr. Harmony, if it interests you, I should be happy if you would remain, because we want all reasonable advocates of peace and arbitration to be on our side. We all want peace, you know, but we want to be able to fight for it, if necessary.

DR. HARMONY

I shall feel honored to be permitted to remain.

THE COLORED MESSENGER *announces* SENATOR HYHEAD. *The other three politicians sigh as he is announced.*

THE GENERAL

Shall I have the Senator shown in?

SENATOR ROCK

You might as well. Then you will have all parties represented.

SENATOR HYHEAD *enters with a solemn expression and the haltingly aggressive manner of a man ill at ease. He is a gaunt man, resembling a certain type of country schoolteacher. He is very thin, with a narrow careworn face and fanatical eyes behind spectacles. His dress is shabby and his manner very intense.* THE GENERAL *rises to greet him and offers him a chair. All shake hands, but without warmth.*

SENATOR HYHEAD

I am afraid I am interrupting, gentlemen.

THE GENERAL

Not at all, Senator, what can I do for you this morning?

SENATOR HYHEAD

I wanted to ask you to give instructions to have the band play at Fort Jones next Saturday at a

meeting of the Jonesville Political Economy Club, at which I am to deliver an address. There is a great popular movement out there, and I trust you will not hesitate to help us out.

THE GENERAL

May I inquire the object of the meeting?

SENATOR HYHEAD

Oh, I'm to speak on direct government, the recall of judicial decisions; in fact, the great expressive movement.

THE GENERAL

I'll do my best for you, Senator, though I confess I am a little afraid some of our bureaucrats may cite our rule forbidding the army to take part, one way or another, in political questions. I'll let you know by telephone, Senator.

SENATOR HYHEAD *starts to rise.*

THE GENERAL

Won't you remain? We are just discussing the subject of preserving the national honor and safety by adequate military and naval legislation at the present session of Congress.

SENATOR HYHEAD

(*Looking at his watch*) I am very busy, drafting a bill for the protection of water fowl, but I think I can spare a few minutes.

THE GENERAL

Captain Hawk, please ask the Chief of the Political Bureau in the State Department and the Chief of the Bureau of Naval Intelligence of the Navy Department to come around here right away. I'd like them to be able to answer any questions in their line which might come up.

CAPTAIN HAWK *telephones.*

SENATOR ROCK

While we are waiting, General, I want you to make a note of young Charles Barney. You know, the son of the great department store man. He is a nice boy, but since he squeezed through college he has given his father some trouble, and now he wants to go into the army. His father wants to take advantage of this disposition to do something serious and I want to know whether we can't get the young man a commission as lieutenant, or something.

SENATOR DORMANT

There's another thing that I think Senator Rock is interested in, just as I am. What's all this talk about abolishing military posts and concentration in big garrisons?

SENATOR ROCK

Yes, we can't stand for that. Why, do you know, General, there are four towns in my State where the prosperity of seven or eight thousand people depends upon the maintenance of those military posts?

THE GENERAL

You see, Senator, it's a very wasteful and expensive system. Concentrated garrisons are necessary to military efficiency and the training of large units. We think it's our duty —

SENATOR ROCK

(*Coloring slightly*) I can't help that. Our constituents won't stand for it and Senator Dormant and I have arranged to kill that bill.

THE COLORED MESSENGER *announces* MR. DRAKE *and* ADMIRAL STEVENS. MR.

DRAKE *is a man above 40, with black hair and blue eyes, rather pale, slim, but strongly built, wearing a black cutaway coat. He has a very earnest and grave address, relieved by a pleasant urbanity.* ADMIRAL STEVENS *has the complexion of the quarter deck, but the manner of the office. Bowing slightly to* THE GENERAL *and others present, he walks rapidly across the room, carrying a large portfolio, and seats himself at one side of* THE GENERAL'S *desk, while* MR. DRAKE, *also carrying a portfolio, shakes hands with* THE GENERAL *and is introduced to the others, after which he seats himself between* THE GENERAL'S *desk and that of* CAPTAIN HAWK, *upon whom he bestows a slow and sorrowful wink.*

SENATOR DORMANT

(*Nodding patronizingly in the direction of* MR. DRAKE) Young man, I may say to you that I disapprove of the policy of the State Department. You keep mixing us up with these South American republics. You're fooling around over in Liberia; you're mixed up with these Chinese loans —

SENATOR HYHEAD

(*Speaking with a didactic precision*) Yes, there are many people in the West who strongly deprecate the disposition of the State Department to involve the United States with foreign countries, in order to enable Wall Street to loan them money at great profit.

SENATOR DORMANT

Why, John Hay *just proclaimed* the "open door" in China. He didn't mix us up in a lot of trouble. We used to have friendly relations with Latin-America without having to "run to the fire" every time they had a revolution.

THE GENERAL

You know, Mr. Drake, Senator Dormant doesn't believe in maintaining the Monroe Doctrine.

SENATOR DORMANT

(*Jumps and leans forward in wide-eyed amazement*) What's that, you say! Don't believe in the Monroe Doctrine! (*Rising, stepping forward in evident emotion and raising his cane he says with passion*) I tell you, sir, I believe in maintaining

and enforcing the Monroe Doctrine up to the hilt.

He brings his stick down on the floor with a bang.

THE GENERAL

(*Very quietly*) I am glad I misunderstood you, Senator.

MR. DRAKE

(*Drily*) I know. The Senator is one of those statesmen who believe in maintaining the Monroe Doctrine, but who won't help us safeguard it. The Senator objects to our taking measures now to help Central America keep out of trouble. He's willing to let things slide in order that we may get into as much trouble as possible later on. Why, Senator, the Monroe Doctrine gives us a sphere of influence and of more or less responsibility all the way from the Mexican border to Cape Horn.

THE GENERAL

(*Evidently with the object of making the conversation more amicable*) Oh, I forgot to introduce you all. Admiral Stevens, do you know Sen-

ator Rock? (*They shake hands*) Doctor Harmony, Admiral Stevens.

DOCTOR HARMONY *steps forward to extend his hand.* THE ADMIRAL *bows rather stiffly.*

ADMIRAL STEVENS

I know your work very well, Doctor Harmony. It's pretty hard for us to buck the peace trust with your hundred million dollar endowment. Mr. Shuffler and Senator Rock here, are on your council, aren't they?

DR. HARMONY

Yes; this great movement has enlisted their valuable support.

ADMIRAL STEVENS

That's all very well. You enjoy the dreams. We face the music. I don't think a referendum would show the American people ready to turn the other cheek. We're trustees of their honor and it's no fun. Why no other country ever had such a sphere of responsibility. The navy has to maintain it. The leading European Powers are building battleships three times as fast as we are.

MR. DRAKE

The Senator swears by the Monroe Doctrine, but rejects all that logically goes with it. A Caribbean republic runs into debt with Europe and won't listen to reason. We won't let Europe seize a port and force payment. Oh, no, Monroe Doctrine! American diplomacy gets some patriotic American bankers to hazard the money to wipe out the European debt and put the republic on its feet. Then Senator Hyhead announces that we sold out to Wall Street and Senator Dormant says in the Senate that we must avoid entangling alliances! Do you really think the United States of America can become seriously entangled with a little banana republic? And, if American diplomacy needs money in the nation's business, I ask you, ought we to apply to a blacksmith or to a banker?

ADMIRAL STEVENS

(*In a gruff voice*) Some day, one of our European friends will get tired of this and sail in and seize a port.

MR. DRAKE

Then Senator Dormant will ask us to enforce the Monroe Doctrine up to the hilt.

ADMIRAL STEVENS

And the American people will have the pleasure of seeing our little fleet of battleships sunk by a superior force. The Monroe Doctrine will die hard and the bones of the Navy will be its monument.

MR. SHUFFLER

(*To* MR. DRAKE) You seem to be pretty free with your opinions, young man, in the presence of distinguished Senators. This won't increase your chances for confirmation for that embassy. You never did anything for the party anyway.

MR. DRAKE

That's all right, Mr. Shuffler. You work for the party and I'll work for the country. I don't care if I'm never confirmed for anything again. It's about time somebody should talk out loud to you if you won't listen to reason. We give our minds and hearts and souls to special branches of the public interest and might be supposed to know something about them. Do you heed us? Oh, no. We're prejudiced. It's beneath the dignity of the Legislative to listen to the experts of the

Executive. I'm going out to try to explain a few things to my fellow citizens.

THE GENERAL

Mr. Drake, these gentlemen have come here to discuss these matters in a broad way. I know they will excuse your over-zeal as only reflecting the strength of your convictions. We are all working for the interest of the nation and we can have no serious disagreement.

CAPTAIN HAWK

General, wouldn't you like Mr. Drake to bring out some of the points in that political memorandum?

THE GENERAL

Yes. Senators, I will ask Mr. Drake, merely as a matter of interest, to speak a little further about the Monroe Doctrine.

MR. DRAKE

The Monroe Doctrine is most likely to be challenged in the neighborhood of the Panama Canal and the Zone of the Caribbean. In that neighborhood the republics need our help to give them

financial and political stability; to give them education; and to protect their people when murderous grafters try to become dictators. You know the Kilkenny cat row we've been dealing with just over the border for the last couple of years or more. Well, now, south of Panama, which is a virtual protectorate like Cuba and Santo Domingo, we have quite a different lot of countries. Brazil, Argentina, Chile, and perhaps others have pretty well got to be first class countries. Some of the other republics are backward. The United States has no designs against any of them. All the time, in season and out of season, whatever we do is deliberately misunderstood. The Monroe Doctrine, which they should worship on their knees, is resented. American motives and the "Yankee Peril" are constantly exploited in their politics. This is getting very tiresome. We can't get away from the Monroe Doctrine in its greatest intensity from here to Panama inclusive. We can't stand perpetual turmoil north of there. I'm beginning to think we ought to consider giving up the Monroe Doctrine from Panama south and frankly declaring a virtual protectorate from here to Panama, including the republics of the Caribbean.

SENATOR DORMANT

(*Hotly*) Give up nothing. Why, we're on friendly terms with all the world. Pshaw! Nobody would dare to challenge the Monroe Doctrine. Besides, this arbitration movement —

MR. DRAKE

(*Obviously trying to be affable and with a hopeless little laugh*) There you go again, Senator. To challenge the Monroe Doctrine seriously would be a political act. Nobody — not even Doctor Harmony — has ever dreamed of arbitrating a political act. If I injure you by breaking a contract, you can sue me; but if I steal your horse, there you are. I have the horse,— there's no use arbitrating whether I had the right to steal it or not. I had the power. I've got the horse. That's all there is about it. But to go back to the Monroe Doctrine, if we forever hold an umbrella over all the twenty other American republics they never *will* know enough to come in out of the rain! What good does it do us? If some vigorous nation made them colonies, they'd be a better market for us than they are now. They'd have somebody else to hate and fear. They'd love and appreciate us then,— when it was too

late. Somebody else could walk the floor with them. If we've bitten off more than we can chew — or if the Monroe Doctrine is out of date — why let's admit it!

ADMIRAL STEVENS

(*In rather a gruff and grumbling tone*) How many foreign ships do you expect us to stand off, Senator, with the sample line of battleships you've given us? And who's going to help us out? That's what I'd like to know.

SENATOR ROCK

Speaking of battleships, we're going to have smaller ones. These dreadnoughts don't fit half our navyyards. Why, lots of our constituents are kicking because no money comes to their localities any more. The new ships are only sent to the three or four big yards. Now the prosperity of a *dozen towns* depends on getting this work.*

*Footnote: For the fact that this attitude was actually taken, incredible as it may seem, we have the authority of the ex-Secretary of War, the Honorable Henry L. Stimson (see Harper's Weekly, June 21, 1913).

ADMIRAL STEVENS

But we've *got* to have big ships. We can't be responsible —

SENATOR ROCK

Nonsense. You'll take little ones or none at all. Why my constituents —

MR. DRAKE

Let's get back to peaceful diplomacy. You see, Admiral, as Senator Dormant says, Washington said that we must have no entangling alliances. Now we are a world power —

ADMIRAL STEVENS

Yes, from the moment we announced the Monroe Doctrine, from the moment we acquired the Hawaiian Islands or an inch of outlying territory, it was a case of a big navy — and big ships — or a bad thrashing.

MR. DRAKE

We've long been in for all the responsibilities. Congress won't even give us a trained diplomatic service to keep us out of trouble. We are given

no adequate navy and the State Department's told, "No, you can't make any alliances; Washington said so." If it comes to trouble we *want* to be licked; we won't be strong ourselves and we don't want a powerful friend to help us out.

SENATOR HYHEAD

These are very fine theories, gentlemen, but you bureaucrats are too far removed from the pulse of the plain people. Now in my part of the country, a thousand miles from the sea coast, why they'd laugh at me. Besides, it's preposterous. It's all theory. (*Rising and looking at his watch*) Well, I've got to go back to work. Senators, I hope I can count on your support for that bill of mine for the protection of waterfowl. It will be up in a few days.

He bows toward THE GENERAL *and starts toward the door with a very grave manner. The others rise.*

SENATOR ROCK

Admiral, of course you want more battleships. Every fellow's stuck on his own business. Why, if we listened to these departments —

MR. DRAKE

Doctor Harmony, I want to ask your help with these gentlemen. You have more influence than we have. Now as a peace proposition, we want to bring the countries just south of us into the current of the great economic forces — to show them that peace and order, not fighting, will bring them happiness and prosperity. Now isn't this the only real peace "dope"? Aren't all your peace conferences and love feasts a hollow sham? We work through commerce and finance for the inward grace of intelligent self-interest in peace. This is the modern diplomacy, following social and economic laws. Some newspapers tried to kill it by calling it, "Dollar Diplomacy." You work for the outward sign. If you help us now, your work may mean something some day. And if we have to go in and establish order in some country? Well, we go to establish peace and order and justice — to make the people of that country cooperate with the rest of the world. A long job? Yes, perhaps. But then these people will find after a while that they rather like peace. Besides, if we don't want to put them all to school at once, we can begin with part; or we can bottle them up and starve them out until they've paid for

their folly and are ready to be good. There are many ways. But can't you see that that would be a work of peace, too? A fight, yes; but a fight for peace. And if we do have to send our army into some country, God grant some fool won't get up and promise we'll get out again! We've got to do our present duty. We can see and do our future duty when the time comes. By talking sentiment and disarmament now you're simply shutting your eyes and courting disaster.

DR. HARMONY

(*Rather red and impatient*) My dear Sir, I make allowance for your professional zeal. That is the trouble with trained diplomatists. I have been at the great Hague Conferences. I have felt the throb of the world's heart beating more and more for love and peace. I *know* that the time is ripe; that the day of force is gone; that the dawn of peace is here. Now if we begin by disarmament and take all our questions to The Hague —

MR. DRAKE

The Hague? Bosh! Why, America would be a lamb among wolves at The Hague. Besides,

Doctor Harmony, *you* know and *I* know that conquest in itself profits nothing, that profit comes by work and not by force and theft; but what does our opinion really matter? The millions of the nations of the world must believe what we believe. *Then* we can begin to think of security without armament.

MR. SHUFFLER

(*Pompously*) I agree with Doctor Harmony. I should be unable to justify to my constituents any extravagant appropriations to increase taxes and build a lot of battleships that will never have to fight. The high cost of living —

MR. DRAKE

But, my dear Mr. Shuffler, America's the only country that can afford ample armament without feeling it. Why in Heaven's name should we be the one to take the risk of experimenting with disarmament? Europe has the age-long habit of aggression and intrigue and land hunger. Europe's made this bed. Let Europe lie upon it! It's Europe that's howling from the pinch of military expenditure. Let Europe howl and sweat until the European tax payer solves his problem. But don't let us, who waste our money in every direc-

tion, be the ones to tempt fate, to wander around unarmed in a den of thieves. Why, it's madness!

MR. SHUFFLER *yawns. The* SENATORS *look bored and glance at their watches.*

SENATOR ROCK

Oh, the country doesn't take any stock in all this moonshine. Well, I'll have to be going. General, be sure and return those two companies to Perryville soon. Business is getting pretty slack out there without the soldiers' pay-day.

All rise.

THE GENERAL

Well, gentlemen, I'm sorry to find you not yet convinced that the country's safety requires the passage of the President's measures of national defense. However, we will all take a broad view, and I am sure, at the Committee hearing, with the data I shall have the honor to send you, we shall arrive at some common ground.

They all say "Good morning" and leave.

THE GENERAL, HAWK, DRAKE *and the* ADMIRAL *stand and look at each other with the most hopeless expression and then burst out laughing.*

THE GENERAL

You might as well attack the great wall of China with a bean blower as talk to those men.

CAPTAIN HAWK

And these are the leaders.

MR. DRAKE

"So this is the Forest of Arden!"

CAPTAIN HAWK

Yes, and home would be a better place, if the people only really knew. (*More cheerfully*) General, won't you and Drake lunch with me at the Club? Admiral, won't you come? After Mrs. Evangeline Tinker and Doctor Harmony, I feel like getting drunk and having a fight. (*He brings down his fist in the palm of his hand*) And how I would like to enforce something up to the hilt in the portly form of Senator Dormant! (*Turning to* THE GENERAL) You know, I believe he's going to turn down the loan convention to clean up Colonia, and the Panama railroad, too.

ADMIRAL STEVENS

Doctor Harmony and the Peace Trust are against us. Think of the harm that old man does

with his money! You know they distributed a hundred and fifty thousand copies of that tory little-navy speech made in the Senate last week. With their publications and their pensions, there's a trust for you — a great hobby trust — the worst and most dangerous of all.

MR. DRAKE

What an argument for the progressive income tax that man is. Why even a government could spend money more usefully than he does.

THE COLORED MESSENGER *enters.*

MESSENGER

Mrs. Riley's here, sir.

THE GENERAL

Mrs. Riley? What's that?

CAPTAIN HAWK

It's our char-lady. You'll see. Bring her in.

MRS. RILEY *is brought in. She wears a street dress and a bonnet and looks very surprised.*

MRS. RILEY

Good day to you, General. Good day to you, Captain. (*To* DRAKE) Good day to you, sir, and what is it you want with me?

HAWK *draws from his pocket a telegraph blank.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

What's the address of your son in Chicago, Mrs. Riley?

MRS. RILEY

Daniel Riley, care of the United Contracting Company, 74 Green Street.

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*Writes it on the blank and then reads*) "Mr. Daniel Riley, etc. Have private information Shuffler obstructing national defense bills necessary safety America. My best friends here tell me. Please, Dan, make Shuffler support them right away. Also can't you come down to Washington, darling, to see your old mother next Sunday. I'm getting old and want to see you. Your loving mother." (MRS. RILEY *listens in amazement*) Now, Mrs. Riley, if that draft suits you, will you please just sit down at my desk and sign

it? It's your telegram, you know. *I* will guarantee you're right about the first part, and I guess I'm right about your wanting to see Dan.

MRS. RILEY *bustles over to the desk, with a broad grin, and seats herself to sign the telegram.*

CURTAIN

SECOND DISCUSSION

SECOND DISCUSSION

One week has elapsed since First Discussion.

It is a rather dingy room in MRS. MAGGIE RILEY'S *boarding house in Washington. There are cheap lace curtains and mournful brown rep curtains with lambrequins, hanging in wooden-like folds, at the four windows. On the floor is a nondescript yellowish-brown carpet. The walls are drab. A handsome mantelpiece with a dingy gilded mirror above it recalls the times when the neighborhood was fashionable. In the left hand back corner stands an iron heating-stove on which is a kettle, the stovepipe passing along the ceiling and into the chimney flue. There are a cheap engraving of Washington and a garish chromo lithograph of one of Murillo's Virgins. On the mantelpiece are an ornamental clock that does not go and an alarm clock that does, and two vases holding peacocks' feathers. Upon a dresser between two windows at the left end of the room stand objects in white*

metal and red glass containing spoons; also a very formidable cruet-stand. A square table against the wall at the opposite end is covered by an elaborate knitted table-cloth with tassels on it. Upon it stands a large glass globe, protecting from all but view an intricate wax design of highly colored fruits and flowers. The evening paper lies beside it. There are, also, glasses containing matches and toothpicks. There is a long dinner table around which stand a dozen straight chairs of the walnut period. MRS. RILEY, *neat and smiling in a black and white gingham dress, is adjusting upon the table a red and grey figured table-cloth of cotton with fringe.* DANIEL RILEY *leans with one elbow on the mantelpiece smoking a pipe and fondly watching his mother at her work. He is a fine upstanding young man with jolly blue eyes and black hair; a fine type of young Irish-American. He is neat, shining in a black sack suit. At the other end of the mantelpiece stands* MR. STONE, *a labor leader, with his hands in his pockets. He is a portly man with hair turning grey, a heavy moustache, a strong jaw, steely eyes, and a determined all-sufficient bearing. Standing near and regarding him narrowly is* MR. HOPE,

a socialist. He is a man of forty-five. His complexion is sallow and his figure stooped. He is shabbily dressed, has a nervous eager manner and his hair wants cutting. At the other side of the room, engaged in stroking MRS. RILEY'S *cat, is a short and stout man pretty well confined in a frock coat, and with a very low collar and flowing tie of soft material. He has a thick neck and bullet head with abundant curly black hair, large and handsome dark eyes, a strong nose and large and sensuous mouth. The mobility of his face is remarkable and his manner a combination of ceremony and extreme geniality. This is* MR. CARO, *a foreign-born agitator. It is eight o'clock. The doorbell rings.* MRS. RILEY *bustles out to answer it.*

DAN

(*To* MR. CARO) That cat purrs like a politician before election.

MR. CARO *smiles charmingly and continues to stroke the cat.*

MR. HOPE

(*To* MR. STONE, *continuing their conversation*) The Socialist party polled 684,000 votes last

November. How soon are you labor men going to see the light and come along with us?

MR. STONE

The trouble with you Socialists is, you're all purr. Now, we know what's good for us. We're not in politics. We play both ends against the middle and make all parties deliver some of the goods all of the time.

MR. CARO *looks up with interest, his smile gone, and appears about to speak.*

MR. HOPE

Well, the capitalists do exactly the same thing. You find them distributed in all parties and voting always for the interests of capital.

DAN

Why, Mr. Hope, there're several high-brow millionaires in your Socialist party. What's their game?

MR. HOPE

(*Fervently*) They've seen the vision of a perfect future. (*To* STONE) Now if you labor men would come over to us, things would move faster.

Just then MRS. RILEY *returns, looking delighted.*

MRS. RILEY

Dan, here's friends of yours from Chicago.

There enters a young man wearing a very old dress suit, black waistcoat and tie. This is MR. TURNER, *a clerk in the office of the United Contracting Company. With him enters his sister, a slight and distinguished looking woman of under thirty with grey eyes, a fine forehead, fair hair and well chiseled chin and mouth. She wears a simple pale blue silk dress, slightly open at the throat. They advance in the most unaffected manner.* DANIEL RILEY *springs forward to greet them.*

DAN

How are you, Mr. Turner? Haven't seen you since the train. I'm holding my party together you see. (*Waving to the others, who all nod familiarly*) Good evening, Miss Turner. I want to make you both acquainted with my mother.

MISS TURNER

(*To* MRS. RILEY, *shaking hands*) I am awfully glad to meet you, Mrs. Riley. My brother's told me so much about you from Dan. We all came on the same train from Chicago, you know. I'm awfully excited. I am going to the White House to a big party tonight.

The sound of a hand-organ in the street grows nearer through the open windows and the tune turns out to be "The Wearing of the Green."

MRS. RILEY

Ye must stay here awhile, my dears, because it's me that's givin' a big party meself tonight. Me two pets in the Departments is comin', Captain Hawk and Mr. Drake, and they asked me if they couldn't bring some lady friends along. I want Dan to meet thim. (*Rapturously*) They're grand byes. I don't know what we'd do in the Government without 'em. I must be fixin' the tea in case they come.

MRS. RILEY *begins to arrange her tea things at one end of the table. The hand-organ has now grown loud, still playing, "The Wearing of the Green."* DAN *grasps his mother*

around the waist and begins to dance her up and down furiously while the others clap. Just then the door opens and in walk CAPTAIN HAWK *and* MR. DRAKE, *with two ladies in evening dress and wraps.* MISS MIDDLETON *we know. The other lady is of a more developed figure with the beauty of youth, promising, however, a certain coarseness. Her eyebrows are raised and her manner is faintly supercilious. Behind follows* MR. CHARLES BARNEY, *a very fashionably dressed and rather vapid looking young man who seems anxious to help* MISS MIDDLETON *with her wraps.*

MRS. RILEY *bustles hospitably to take the ladies' wraps.* CAPTAIN HAWK *and* MR. DRAKE *take these from her, pile all the wraps on the table by the door and each retains one of* MRS. RILEY'S *hands and bows "Good evening."*

CAPTAIN HAWK

It was very good of you to let us come and to let us bring these young ladies.

MR. DRAKE

We're making a night of it. We're going to the White House later on.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Mrs. Riley, this is Miss Middleton, daughter of our friend the Chief of Staff, and this is Miss Rock, Senator Rock's daughter. *This* is Mr. Barney. We had to bring it along or it would not let Miss Middleton come.

MR. BARNEY *looks foolish and* MISS MIDDLETON *looks bored.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*Continuing*) Now we want to meet that wonderful son of yours.

DANIEL RILEY *walks forward with an easy manner and introduces himself.*

DAN

Now I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Turner and Miss Turner, his sister. We work in the same place. He drives a pen and I boss a gang,— preferring out-of-door life.

They shake hands, MR. TURNER *somewhat awkwardly;* MISS TURNER *with grace. She*

and MISS MIDDLETON *drop naturally into conversation.*

DAN

When I got my mother's telegram and said I was coming to see the sights of the capital, several friends decided to come at the same time, so we're quite a party.

MRS. RILEY *has seated herself at the head of the table, making tea and has placed the three ladies near her.*

DAN

Ladies, this is Mr. Caro, of the International Society for Social Strife. My father came from the old country to work and he's just come from the old country to tell us not to work, so you and he are both members of the leisure class.

CARO *bows gravely.* HAWK *and* DRAKE *step forward and shake hands cordially.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

We must have a talk, Mr. Caro. Are you an American?

MR. CARO

(*In a foreign accent*) Soon I get my first papers (*shrugging his shoulders*) but you know I am a citizen of the world.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Did you have to do military service before you came over here?

MR. CARO

No, I escaped that tyranny. I belong to the great army of common humanity (*rhetorically*) which knows no country.

DAN

(*Comes over and takes* HAWK *by the arm*) Come on, that's only part of the show. Here's Mr. Hope, the Socialist. He tells the boys about everybody owning everything together so nobody can get enough to loaf on, but just now higher wages and shorter hours are more in our line. (*Meanwhile they shake hands*) Here's Mr. Stone. He's the real dope. If he keeps on with his politics and strikes, soon we'll all be millionaires and workin' less than no time at all.

MR. STONE

(*Shaking hands*) Dan's a fine boy. Dan, you oughtn't to give us away in front of these capitalists.

MR. DRAKE

Thanks for calling me a capitalist. Hawk, here, is our real millionaire. He has money to throw at the birds, but he always throws it at the birds of paradise. He's an idealist.

MRS. RILEY

Now I want ye to all sit down and have some tea and get acquainted with me bye Dan.

They distribute themselves at the table.

MISS ROCK

(*In a voice of cloying sweetness*) Really, Mrs. Riley, this is most interesting. The very most interesting party I have ever been to. You know I am fearfully interested in all the modern movements.

MISS TURNER

Are you a suffragist, Miss Rock?

MISS ROCK

Oh, yes. I'm going to march in the parade. Are you? What color cape will you wear?

MISS TURNER

I think so. I am not quite sure. My brother's gone crazy with Senator Hyhead and I am so busy trying to keep him from running after all the new fads that it's making me half a conservative. What do you think of woman's suffrage, Miss Middleton?

MISS MIDDLETON

(*Thoughtfully*) I believe in it, although I *am* a conservative.

MR. TURNER

(*With ardor*) I supposed you were a conservative, Miss Middleton. You see, I'm a clerk. I belong to the class that feels the high cost of living. Wages go up, everything goes up, except our salaries. If you'd heard Senator Hyhead express these things, you'd understand why. His party's going to give us all a square deal. Why there's the initiative, referendum and recall, direct primaries, child labor laws; we're going to have the rule of the people and a square deal for everyone. It's beautiful.

MR. DRAKE

(*To* TURNER) I sympathize with your discontent as a salaried man. Manual labor has a better market,— and it can strike. Your salaried man is the worst treated in the whole community. Salaries ought to be expressed in fixed purchasing power,— in the price of food and clothes.

MR. HOPE

Of course, Miss Middleton and her friends are conservatives. They belong to the capitalistic class. Mr. Turner, not one of those quack medicines has anything to do with your economic symptoms. We Socialists are indebted to your party. All your discontented voters fall right into our lap. Labor demands princely wages. Greedy capital wars with labor. People like you are ground between them. The Socialists come along and say, " Peace, gentlemen, we will take its wages from labor and its profits from capital, substitute common ownership and remove all cause of envy."

MR. STONE

Not for mine, Mr. Hope, with wages what they are and rising. Even Senator Hyhead's party has not left the earth on the tariff question. I

don't know how the socialists stand on that and I'd want to know about their wage scale and the cost of living. If I had to raise the potatoes under their scheme, I'd want quite a price.

DAN

If Mr. Turner's sore bein' a clerk and a gentleman on $60 a month, it's open to him to wear overalls for $4 per and up. I don't know what my share would be with Mr. Hope's socialism, but I see my way to a tidy little business of my own in the next few years.

MR. HOPE *and* MR. TURNER *indulge in brown study.*

MR. STONE

Miss Middleton, I am a radical. I'm for war with capital — not to the death,— I would not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs,— but war and no compromise and strikes and rough house, yes, within the law, you understand, and no injunctions against labor, till we get just all the traffic'll bear.

MISS ROCK

Really, Mr. Stone, I think your views are quite shocking.

MISS MIDDLETON

Oh, I don't know, they're just like the views of selfish capital.

MR. DRAKE

(*To* MISS ROCK) I don't know, either, Miss Rock. I could imagine it was your father talking on the other side of the question. (*To the others*) You know Senator Rock is against the income tax. He is an extreme individualist where the rights of capital are concerned; objects to all government control. He thinks the sole function of government is to protect capital from being robbed by labor, just as Mr. Stone here thinks the sole object of society should be to give tremendous wages even to the most unskilled workman and to make capital such an easy mark that it won't be worth having. (*To* MISS ROCK) Your father and Mr. Stone are as like as two peas. I'd love to see them together and chalk out the ring.

CAPTAIN HAWK

It's like party government. We all pretend to want the greatest good of the whole nation. Then, instead of working together to discover what that is, we try desperately to disagree as to means. We nurse along false issues like the

negro question. See how the politicians still work that to paralyze the South; — the South's enslaved by the negro's freedom. They've got to keep their party together — to keep themselves in office. If we must have party government, why can't we sincerely try to decide what one policy is best for the country and then disagree as to which set of men can best carry it out? You have competition enough in a horse race, although the horses all run in the same direction. If a vote must be a bet let us vote for the best man; let us have parties of persons; but let us not make party government a fake contest of false and trumped-up issues.

DAN

That's the talk.

MR. DRAKE

Yes; it's the same old fundamental fallacy, the outworn religion of competition that our new politicians are preaching to us. Competition, war, fight — with all the waste of war: war instead of combination as the life of industry: war between parties as the life of the body politic. Why *not* war then between capital and labor, class war, as the life of society? No, they're not that log-

ical. Mr. Caro's religion is more so. What we really want is not war, but co-operation — monopolistic combination of the spirit of the whole nation for the whole nation's good. (*Aside*) They haven't amended the Sherman Law to make that illegal — yet!

MR. TURNER

(*To* MISS MIDDLETON) Why are you a conservative, Miss Middleton? Do you think things are right in this country?

MISS MIDDLETON

No — I am a conservative because I think it's more efficient. I should be a socialist if I believed socialism would work, for I honestly believe in seeking the greatest good of the greatest number. But socialists and other expressives seem to start in the clouds and work down to earth. I believe in standing firmly on the earth we've got and building up!

MR. DRAKE

Miss Middleton, you were going to tell Miss Turner what you think of woman's suffrage.

MISS MIDDLETON

Well, one good thing I see in it is that with a female voter in his house the average American citizen would be ashamed to be so ignorant as he now is of our great public questions. Why half the men, like Mr. Barney here, won't bother to go to the polls.

MISS ROCK

My father's against it, but it's absurd that women of property should have nothing to say about the laws. Besides, it's an insult to women to be denied the right to vote. Mr. Caro, you're a foreigner, what do you think? (*With an engaging smile*)

MR. CARO

In Europe, yes. In America, I don't know. The women of America are so conservative,—and so sentimental.

MISS MIDDLETON

I don't worry about the question of dignity. I think women's votes would help in all legislation for social betterment.

MR. DRAKE

That's the statesmanlike view. All we need to know is whether votes for women will give better net results in our elections. One thing that worries me is this. We've got so many organizations and so many foreigners in this country. I don't care whether it's American Slavs or Italians or Jews or Greeks, or American plumbers or lawyers, or American this or that. I'm afraid we're going too fast. We can't have self-centered groups that won't co-operate with the rest of the body politic and still preserve the democratic national purpose that alone can save us. Now will the women double the selfish vote of every organized group, and the rest of the women stay away from the polls?

MISS MIDDLETON

I don't think so.

MR. CARO

In Europe — and it gets the same here — the women of the vast proletariat will swell the vote of their class — the workers of the whole world whose interests are the same and world-wide, not country-wide.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Mr. Caro, in America we have no "classes"; we have no "proletariat" in the fixed and continuous sense you mean — and we don't want them. Those are ideas you ought to leave behind. When you come here you must come here to join our family, to play the game our way. Just as a family hangs together that the young may be reared, the aged supported, and the members live decently and well, so our great American family is going to hang together for the benefit of all its members. Patriotism is the filial piety of the nation. It embraces its ideals like a religion. It has these uses, even if there never is another war. I'd like to see conscription to break in just such a citizen as you will make — and to discipline us all to our filial duty to our great democratic State.

MR. CARO

But your Irish-Americans want one thing. Your American Catholics stand together — and your Methodists and so on. Your American Jews want this; your American —

CAPTAIN HAWK

No one appreciates more than I do those fine men of foreign birth who have been men and patri-

ots first. No one recognizes more than I the value of the good types still brought to our citizenship by the right sort of immigration. But my point is this: We must not work as members of a sect or a race or a group for its own separate interests. We must all be Americans — first, last and all the time! I'm for every good American whatever his race or creed. I'm against (*striking his hand on the table*) American Jews, for example,— though I'm willing to fight and die for Jewish Americans. What I demand is (*loudly*) our country first. (*Turning to* MR. CARO) Of course I am against you, Mr. Caro; you're too broad-minded for me. If you people want to regulate a country go back and begin on your own. You'll find when the time comes that there are a few old-fashioned Americans left and that they propose to regulate their own country in their own way.

MR. CARO

(*Smiling*) Oh, you hold these views because you're a capitalist and an aristocrat, Captain Hawk, and belong to the military caste besides.

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*Rising somewhat angrily*) You call me an aristocrat? Thank you. In the true Greek meaning "aristocracy" means power in the hands of the best; "kakistocracy" means power in the hands of the worst. Representative democracy, by the grace of God, will sometime mean spirit in the heart and brain of the sovereign people to exert their power to govern themselves through their chosen best representatives — true aristocrats in fact. So you see true democracy and true aristocracy are the same thing. Who is the aristocrat — who is the best man? It's a question of fact. You admit it in the prize ring. Why not outside it? Why you could almost have a mathematical scale of honesty, sincerity, wisdom and unselfishness to measure men by.

MR. CARO

But look at the French Revolution. Look at history. The rich always grind down the poor.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Yes; and if now the poor grind up the rich and the rich grind down the poor, why that's the revived religion of competition. Beautiful, isn't it?

Now I can credit you with sincerity; but you can't credit me with sincerity, because I'm rich. It's the same with our new political demagogue. If my family has been useful enough to grow rich, why we're pariahs, we're suspect. I have a simple standard of worth. Who's the snob, the man you call an "aristocrat" or your politician who's so very "*plain people*" that he can't abide the thought that a man can be both rich and honest? It's a rotten aristocracy, a diseased caste idea, this rot about aristocrats and commoners, and "the peepul" and the "plain people." We're all Americans, aren't we, with equal rights? Well, I'm not going to let these demagogues set up a snobbish aristocracy or mediocrity, or whatever is the quality of their hypothetical commoners, and elbow me out of my political birthright. I'm one of the people, and I'm going to have my rights.

A MESSENGER BOY

(*Opens the door and without taking off his cap sings out*) Telegram for Mr. Caro.

MRS. RILEY

(*Rises, saying*) Sh! me bye, you're interrupting a session of the Supreme Court.

She walks toward the boy and takes the telegram.

MRS. RILEY

Of all the sad parties. Ye ought to keep this government business in the Departments. They don't worry like this, serious-like, down at Congress.

MR. CARO *rises and receives the telegram from* MRS. RILEY. *He goes to one side and reads it. There is a gleam in his eye. He turns somewhat pale and with a slight tremor places the telegram in his pocket.*

MRS. RILEY

No bad news, I hope, Mr. Caro.

MR. CARO

Oh, no, nothing in particular.
They resume their seats.

DAN

Never mind, mother, it's a fine party. I'm having the time of my life. Remember, you made me go to school, and I'm a politician. This is the real highbrow dope. Captain Hawk's right. If

the foreigners don't like it they can go home. I'm not going to let Mr. Hope divide up the tidy little business I'm soon starting, and I'm always telling Mr. Stone here not to push the capitalist too hard because I hope to be one myself some day.

CAPTAIN HAWK

I can assure you, Mrs. Riley, that your son is a most efficient politician. (*He goes around to* DAN, *who stands up, and shakes his hand*) Mr. Riley, I want to congratulate you and to thank you for a real service to the country.

MR. TURNER

What did he do?

MRS. RILEY

Why, me Congressman, that man Shuffler'd been worryin' the life out of Cap'n Hawk 'n Mr. Drake, botherin' 'em about their work for the Government. (*With pride*) I just telegraphed Dan. He fixed Mr. Shuffler, all right!

DAN

Oh, don't mention it. (*To* TURNER) Your Senator Hyhead's always talking about giving the

rule back to the people. Why, man, you've got it — only you don't know it. Shuffler's my representative; well, I just made him represent.

MR. DRAKE

He worked very well in this case because you happened to be right. Shuffler went wrong because he thought you were wrong. He just bootlicks you. He hasn't any opinion of his own. If you had been wrong, he'd have helped you stay wrong. You ought to elect somebody who's man enough to have an opinion of his own and take a chance on making you agree with him before the next election.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Yes, that would be representative government. We now have reflexive government. We elect too many chameleons. They don't dare think and the people haven't got the time to.

MISS MIDDLETON

Mr. Turner, do you attend all the primaries and vote at every election, and follow the politics of your ward?

MR. TURNER

(*Looking rather embarrassed*) Well — Miss Middleton — you see my work in the office — such long hours and poor pay.— The Government is oppressing the people. But when the Expressive party comes in —

MR. STONE

Yes, the Government doesn't give the poor man a square deal. I agree with Mr. Caro and Mr. Hope in that.

MR. DRAKE

Does it ever occur to you that you are the Government? The way people talk about "the Government" as if it were something far away that they had nothing to do with, makes me tired. Every one has an equal share in the sovereignty, only Senator Rock and Mr. Stone must both remember as Danton or somebody said in the French Revolution, "The rights of each man end where the rights of the next man begin."

MISS MIDDLETON

Is that too conservative for you, Mr. Turner?

DAN

You won't get Mr. Stone to agree to that. What about the scabs?

MR. STONE

Organized labor proposes to put an end to the open shop. If a man wants to work, he can join the union. We have got to be organized. What can we do against the trusts and the combinations?

CAPTAIN HAWK

Yes, Senator Rock can't see why my dollar should be free of the money trust and you can't see why my labor should be free of the labor trust. But where do I come in?

There is heard the voice of a newsboy in the street calling "Extra!" All listen.

MRS. RILEY

Dan, buy one. I hope nothin's happened to the President.

DAN *goes out.*

MR. CARO

You seem to be very fond of the President, Mrs. Riley.

MRS. RILEY

Shure I am. I'm an American and we've chose him to be boss.

MR. DRAKE

(*To* HAWK) I wonder what that extra can be.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Oh, battle, murder, or sudden death. Nothing good is considered interesting nowadays.

DAN

(*Returns, looking excited and reads as he walks across the room*) "Big cotton mill blown up. Plant destroyed. Officials of company buried in ruins. Casualties may reach thirty."

MISS ROCK

Oh! how horrible. Where is it?

DAN

Meadville.

MISS ROCK

Oh! that's where my brother is manager. My father's mills. Horrible! Oh, take me home right away. I must see father.

She looks very pale and agitated, but carefully smooths her hair and adjusts her wraps offered by MR. DRAKE, *while the others gather about her solicitously.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*To* BARNEY) You take Miss Rock home in your motor. I will take the other ladies in mine. (*To* MISS ROCK) I do hope your brother's safe. He probably had left his office early. You will doubtless find a reassuring message at home. Don't worry.

She goes out with BARNEY.

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*To* STONE *very seriously*) Mr. Stone, that's not an American way for capital and labor to fight. You and Senator Rock may believe in war to the knife, but those of us who are older Americans do not. Senator Rock began as a poor boy, an immigrant's son. He began as a laborer, as I suppose you did. If you were a capitalist you'd be Senator Rock. You are simply Senator Rock as a labor leader.

MR. STONE

(*Professionally*) Organized labor deprecates these outrages. They hurt the cause. They discredit the movement.

MR. CARO *has stood rubbing his hands with a slightly sardonic expression.*

MR. HOPE

We Socialists stand for orderly revolution. This is anarchy. What do you say, Mr. Caro?

MR. CARO

Well, in this world movement to emancipate humanity the means sometimes justifies the end. (*His manner is fidgety and self-conscious*) Not that I condone this instance of violence. I don't know all the particulars. Even some of your American statesmen recognize that in a great cause almost any expedient is justified. You see in our world movement we propose to make it no longer worth while for capital to carry on industry. In Europe they call it sabotage. Here you are only learning. By strikes and such demonstrations we drive capital out of business. We make things dangerous. Later we'll put all men equally to work a few hours every day digging ditches, run-

ning machinery, writing books, running mills. It is all the same. In a great world movement governments mean nothing.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Well, this Government means something. I don't like your talk and I noticed your manner when you got that telegram, curiously enough, just before this horrible news came. (*He stands menacingly over* CARO) Mr. Caro, I want that telegram.

MR. CARO

You shall not have it. This is an outrage. This is a free country.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Come here, Drake. (DRAKE *comes and takes* CARO'S *arm and twists it behind his back.* CARO *struggles and* HAWK *draws the telegram from his pocket and reads aloud*) "Meadville, 9:25. Caro, care Mrs. Riley. Candle ship aggravate bright mallet. (Signed) John."

CAPTAIN HAWK

Oh! A code message. Hold him, Drake, while I fish out his code.

DAN *and the others are standing around the struggling* CARO. DAN *looks the joy of battle.* MR. HOPE *looks very thoughtful;* MR. STONE *rather worried;* MR. TURNER *horrified. The ladies remain near the table,* MISS TURNER *holding* MISS MIDDLETON'S *hand.*

MRS. RILEY

Oh, the skunk, and him stroking me cat.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Here it is. (*Reading the words and comparing with the cipher*) "Explosion pulled off — no one suspected — meet you Chicago — same place as last time — 29th."

CAPTAIN HAWK

Mrs. Riley, we want a policeman with a patrol.

MRS. RILEY

Run, Dan, *run,* run to the drugstore at the corner and telephone.

DAN *does.*

CURTAIN

THIRD DISCUSSION

THIRD DISCUSSION

An angle in the hall of the White House at Washington. On the left are seen in the foreground the banister of the stairway conducting from the apartments above, and beyond, facing us diagonally, the doors to the East Room, which stand wide open. The severe white paneling of the back wall faces us diagonally, broken only by the mahogany outlines of the door opening into the Green Room, left, and the door opening into the Blue Room, right. The floor is carpeted with red. Gilt benches, upholstered in red, stand along the walls. At the right there are a number of palms and a few chairs evidently brought out from the dining room further down the hall. A hum of voices is heard through the doors of the rooms beyond, where some of the guests are assembled. It is 10:30 o'clock. Several foreign diplomats and military and naval attachés, in uniform and with decorations, are walking up and down, convers-

ing with ladies in evening dress. MRS. BARNEY, *a loudly dressed woman, with fabulous jewels, stands talking with exaggerated arts and graces, to an* AMBASSADOR. *From the right, there enter in great haste,* MISS MIDDLETON, DRAKE, MISS TURNER *and* MR. TURNER. DRAKE *and* MISS MIDDLETON *rush up to* MRS. BARNEY.

MISS MIDDLETON

(*Eagerly*) Are we very late? We have just come from the most exciting party that wound up with an arrest.

MRS. BARNEY

(*With a mincing accent she fondly thinks sounds English*) An arrest? How very extraordinary.

MR. DRAKE

(*With a warning glance at* MISS MIDDLETON) It was nothing, really, but it diverted the ladies.

THE AMBASSADOR

(*Looking at his watch rather superciliously*) Yes, your President is taking his time this evening. We've been here half an hour.

MRS. BARNEY

He was at a men's dinner my husband is giving in honor of Mr. Goldstein, the great banker. (*To* THE AMBASSADOR, *cloyingly*) It's too bad, Excellency, you should be kept waiting like this.

MISS MIDDLETON

It's no worse to wait in a republic than at a court, is it, Mr. Ambassador?

MR. DRAKE

I'm going to have a little rest before the party sets in. Come along, Mr. Turner, and have a smoke.

He walks toward the right, TURNER *following.*

MISS MIDDLETON

I'm coming, too. Come on, Miss Turner.

They follow, leaving MRS. BARNEY *and* THE AMBASSADOR.

MR. DRAKE

(*Taking out his cigarette case wistfully*) I *was* going into the smooking room to have a cigarette.

MISS MIDDLETON

(*Snatching one*) I'm coming, too. There's no one in there now.

MR. DRAKE

Look out, you'll shock Miss Turner. You don't realize that this is a solemn occasion.

MISS MIDDLETON

(*Pirouettes, waving the cigarette above her head*) Solemn occasions always make me feel frivolous. Do you think it's wrong for women to smoke, Miss Turner? I never can understand why it's respectable for a girl to be a pig about candy and ruin her health, and disreputable to smoke a few cigarettes.

MR. DRAKE

But remember the Puritans.

MISS MIDDLETON

I sometimes think we've just enough of the Puritan left to make us pigs, but not enough to make us good.

MISS MIDDLETON *gives back the cigarette and* DRAKE *and* TURNER *walk out.*

MISS MIDDLETON

(*To* MISS TURNER) You're not shocked, are you?

MISS TURNER *smiles dubiously.*

MISS MIDDLETON

Well, to console you, I'll tell you. I don't smoke.— I want to introduce you to some people.

She leads her to the door of the Blue Room, where the man on duty lowers the cord to admit them.

Most of the people in the hall seat themselves on the benches. CAPTAIN HAWK, *in uniform, walks in hurriedly and shakes hands with several people.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*To* MRS. BARNEY) Am I late? Has the President come down?

MRS. BARNEY

No, but he must be here soon. He's been at my husband's dinner to Mr. Goldstein, the banker.

CAPTAIN HAWK *looks at a watch on his wrist.*

From the East Room enter with slow gait,

SENATOR DORMANT, REPRESENTATIVE SHUFFLER *and* SENATOR HYHEAD, *in earnest conversation.* CAPTAIN HAWK *greets them.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

Well, gentlemen, what's the fate of the country?

DRAKE *re-enters and joins the group.*

MR. TURNER

(*To himself, following, with a pensive air*) I wonder if Miss Middleton can be respectable.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Have you decided to put through the army and navy bills and confirm Drake for that embassy?

MR. SHUFFLER

(*Confidentially to* HAWK) I did all I could to get through that bill — ahem. Upon more mature consideration (*sententiously*) I concluded that the broad interests of the country ought to override any little question of party expediency.

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*Aside*) God bless Dan Riley.

MR. DRAKE

(*To* SENATOR DORMANT) How's it going in the Senate?

SENATOR DORMANT

No chance at all.

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*To* MR. SHUFFLER, *sarcastically*) You saw the light too late, Mr. Shuffler.

SENATOR DORMANT

(*Continuing*) It's all decided. We are going to throw out both bills. The Congress of the United States stands as a bulwark to protect the American people from the military and imperialistic policy of the Executive.

SENATOR HYHEAD

Mr. Drake, you diplomatists ought to know about precedence. Senator Dormant has been raging for an hour because he thought he did not get the right seat at Barney's dinner tonight. He was placed below a foreign minister.

MR. DRAKE

Democratic simplicity, Senator, makes every President afraid to draw up definite rules of ceremony for Washington. We do not recognize the fact that two people cannot sit on the same chair. It seems order is monarchical; confusion democratic.

CAPTAIN HAWK

But about that legislation?

SENATOR DORMANT

(*Muttering*) Infernal outrage — halfway down the table.

Some of the other guests having resumed walking up and down, they seat themselves. An AIDE-DE-CAMP *hurries down the stair and makes a sign that* THE PRESIDENT *is coming. The band strikes up "The Star Spangled Banner."* HAWK *and* DRAKE *spring to their feet and stand at attention. The foreigners rise; the Americans more slowly.* MRS. BARNEY *remains seated.* CAPTAIN HAWK *steps up to her.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

I beg your pardon, Mrs. Barney. This is the "Star Spangled Banner."

MRS. BARNEY

(*Rising slowly*) Oh. Is this our national anthem? Why, I thought it had the same tune as "God Save the King."

THE PRESIDENT, *with his* WIFE *on his arm, appears from the stairway, followed by two* AIDES-DE-CAMP. *Everyone bows. They are surrounded and greet their guests in an unassuming manner.* MR. BARNEY *joins that group, coming from the Blue Room, accompanied by* MR. GOLDSTEIN, *the banker.* MR. BARNEY *is a hale and hearty-looking business man of sixty.* MR. GOLDSTEIN *is a short man, stout and heavily built, with a bull neck, grey hair and beard and face of mask-like immobility, with shrewd, hard eyes and rather heavy features of the Jewish type. He advances rather pompously and greets* THE PRESIDENT *coldly.* THE PRESIDENT *returns the greeting with marked cordiality.*

DRAKE *and* HAWK *walk apart from the group of Senators.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*To* DRAKE *earnestly and sadly*) Those bills are killed. We are going to get caught with no adequate army or navy. You can't make these people see.

MR. DRAKE

Let's both resign from the service. What's the use? We cannot serve our country with men like those standing like a stone wall between us and the nation. The President sees; we all see; they won't see. Senator Dormant's a well-meaning, honest gentleman; but he thinks Jefferson's still President; hasn't had a new idea since. Shuffler hasn't an idea above ward politics. Hyhead's all in the clouds and it pains him to think anybody's honest — a real Expressive reformer.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Yes. There are heaps of good men in Congress, but the tragedy is they are swamped by these types and paralyzed.

Just then SENATOR *and* MRS. ROCK *and* MISS ROCK *enter.* HAWK *and* DRAKE *welcome them politely.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*To* MISS ROCK) So glad to know by your presence here that your brother escaped. (*To* SENATOR ROCK) A horrible thing. Have you the particulars? What caused it? How many poor devils were killed?

SENATOR ROCK

My son, the manager, was injured by flying débris. He's in hospital. (*Indifferently*) A couple of dozen laborers killed — some wounded. Probably sympathized with the strike. Serves 'em right. I want to speak to the President.

He joins the group where THE PRESIDENT *stands.* MRS. ROCK *and* MISS ROCK *speak to* THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE. MRS. BARNEY *joins them.*

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE

How happy you must be that your dear boy escaped?

MRS. ROCK

A merciful Providence. What are we coming to in this country? Strikes and the income tax; suffrage, women smoking and not going to church.

Why, there are very few respectable people left. We'll have socialism next. Senator Rock and I do what we can. We always support the Church and give to all the charities. So many people don't go to church nowadays. Why Miss Mill, the settlement worker, told me she never went to any particular church. I had always supposed she was a lady.

MRS. BARNEY

(*With superior urbanity, to* THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE) Isn't Mrs. Rock deliciously old-fashioned? (*To* MRS. ROCK) I suppose you give the Levitical 10 per cent. to the poor.

MRS. ROCK

Oh, not quite, I suppose. That was meant for the masses. For rich people that would run to an *enormous* sum.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE

How are the conditions of labor in your husband's mills? Plenty of light and air, good quarters and so forth?

MRS. ROCK

Oh, I suppose they're all right — I never go to the mills myself.

DOCTOR HARMONY *and* MRS. TINKER *emerge from the Blue Room.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*Remarks to* DRAKE *as they pass*) There go two of our honest, well-meaning enemies.

MRS. ROCK

Oh, there's Mrs. Tinker. I must be nice to her. Now if these working people didn't drink —

She walks over and greets MRS. TINKER *and* DOCTOR HARMONY *with cordiality and brings them up to meet* THE PRESIDENT *and his* WIFE.

THE PRESIDENT

A great chance for patriotic service, Mr. Goldstein. You must finance that railroad to Panama. They're cutting down the navy and we've got to have a land route to defend the Canal and you will do a great work in making the loan to the Republic of Colonia. In the Caribbean near the Canal, above all, we cannot have the Monroe

Doctrine challenged. Europe's pressing them hard.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

(*With a marked foreign accent*) Yes, Mr. President, we always like to co-operate with the Government, but will we be protected?

THE PRESIDENT

(*Laughingly*) Well, we cannot attach a battleship to every bond, but we'll look after you. I will speak to the Senators.

THE PRESIDENT, *with* MR. GOLDSTEIN, *joins the three Senators, to whom he introduces him. They chat.*

THE PRESIDENT

(*Beckons his* AIDE-DE-CAMP *and says to him*) Look after Mr. and Mrs. Barney and see that they have a good time and meet everyone. They've just moved here, you know.

The AIDE-DE-CAMP *disappears.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*To* DRAKE) The President seems to be very attentive to that Barney, the department store king. What's up?

MR. DRAKE

My guileless little child. Barney's department stores are the greatest advertisers in the country. The President wants editorial support from the papers Barney advertises in. Their four million circulation forms that powerful and unanimous opinion of those who don't know the facts. Now do you see? Didn't you know that bankers and department stores and other *active* organizations ruled us through the newspapers? Why, we the unorganized majority just lap it up every morning with breakfast and think we are forming our own opinions. Look at that hubbub that lost us the nearest approach to a friendship we had in Europe. (*Continuing*) That little old banker there is the finger of destiny. Wars today are settled in the counting houses, not in foreign offices and general staffs. I wonder what he will do?

THE PRESIDENT

(*To* SENATOR DORMANT) We want you to ratify those conventions. Then, with the help of Mr. Goldstein and his friends, we can get our railroad to Panama and with the conventions take those republics beyond the reach of European danger.

SENATOR DORMANT

Well, I've never thought we ought to get mixed up in these things.

SENATOR HYHEAD

I'm quite sure that in the West there is no sentiment in favor of these policies of expansion. Take the situation today. It is a matter of legitimate expediency. Now a professor from a European university was telling me the other day about the burden of the Philippines upon the United States.

MR. SHUFFLER

Mr. President, I was going to ask you about that appointment.

THE PRESIDENT

Sorry, I must go now to greet our other guests.

SENATOR HYHEAD

Oh! Got through that bill for the protection of waterfowl. I hope you'll be able to sign it tomorrow, Mr. President.

THE PRESIDENT

I hope to see you later, gentlemen.

Accompanied by his AIDE-DE-CAMP, THE PRESIDENT *joins his* WIFE *and they pass into the East Room.* THE PRESIDENT, *appearing to have forgotten something, immediately returns.*

THE PRESIDENT

Oh, Senator Rock. I almost forgot to tell you how glad I am to hear that your son was not seriously hurt in the explosion. Senator, can't you turn the tide in favor of those national defense bills and get the treaties ratified? You know the safety of the country demands this.

SENATOR ROCK

(*Flaring up somewhat*) The safety of this country demands less interference with capital and more restraint of this labor movement. Your sympathy is largely responsible for these absurd pretensions of labor. You need ask no favors of me.

THE PRESIDENT

This very morning Stone, the labor leader, was here demanding for labor freedom from all restraint by injunction. He said he hoped there'd be no trouble at your mills. But he told me, Sen-

ator, that I ought to see the labor conditions in your mills. I'm going to. I'll fight the tyranny of labor and I'll fight the tyranny of capital as long as I live. You expect to make men and women into machines, doing work of crazing monotony and to work them more than eight hours a day in bad air and discomfort?

SENATOR ROCK

Well, those immigrants are better off than they were at home.

THE PRESIDENT

And *what* immigrants some of them are. You want the open door to foreign labor. Stone demands lace curtains and a piano for every hod carrier. We're getting too much money and not enough happiness in this country. We'd better be a small nation than a big mob. I'm against both you and Stone — and for precisely similar reasons. You're both brutally, blindly selfish.

SENATOR ROCK

(*To himself*) Well, I'll get even with *him.*

He joins the group of Senators at the right.

DRAKE *and* HAWK *rejoin the group and one of*

the diplomats shaking hands with DRAKE *accompanies them.*

SENATOR DORMANT

No, as I was telling the President, I'm against this military and naval expansion and these imperialistic policies.

THE DIPLOMAT

What are you going to do with the bills and conventions, Senator?

THE DIPLOMAT *listens with evident great interest.*

SENATOR DORMANT

We think we've got army and navy enough. (*Laughing*) A little American army and navy goes a long way, you know.

CAPTAIN HAWK

You flatter us, Senator.

DRAKE'S *face expresses disgust and he looks at* SENATOR DORMANT *in a way to try to deter him from speaking of these matters before a foreigner. The* SENATOR *is blandly oblivious and continues.*

SENATOR DORMANT

We've always had the Monroe Doctrine and I don't see the use of all this talk of trouble nowadays.

THE DIPLOMAT

I quite agree with you, Senator. We used to complain that you would not let us come on shore and punish those little republics when they wouldn't pay up and at the same time decline to do the police work yourselves.

SENATOR HYHEAD

Yes, the United States should not assume the rôle of policeman in this hemisphere.

THE DIPLOMAT

I quite agree with you, Senators. I think things are going very well as they are.

MR. SHUFFLER

Well, Senators, let us circulate around a little. I want to go home and get to bed early. You know tomorrow morning we have that important debate on the paper schedule. I've had fifty telegrams from newspaper editors today.

SENATOR DORMANT

(*As they start slowly to walk into the East Room*) Pretty slick, the way you got through that water-fowl bill of yours, brother Hyhead.

MR. SHUFFLER

(*Lagging behind to speak to* HAWK) Since our talk about the army and navy bill two weeks ago, I talked to the Senate leaders; but, you see, they had three days for eulogies. Then there was a long filibuster for the $4,000,000 naval station down at Bitter Creek Harbor, and there was Senator Dormant's speech on senatorial courtesy, — a matter of personal privilege. There was only one day for the national defense bills and the Central American loan conventions and Panama railroad; — I guess there's no chance for them. They go out. Mighty sorry. (*Rather pleadingly*) You'll tell Dan Riley how I tried, won't you?

HAWK *raises his arms in despair above his head.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

They fiddle while Rome burns and won't listen to the Departments. We give our lives to the

study of these questions. (*Sarcastically*) Naturally, we're prejudiced. What can we do against the unanimous opinions of those who won't know the facts?

MISS MIDDLETON *comes in with young* BARNEY *and comes up to* HAWK *and* DRAKE, *who are by this time the only persons in the hall.*

MISS MIDDLETON

I have promised to talk to Charley Barney if he will take no more champagne.

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*To* BARNEY) You talk about a commission in the army. We'll turn you over to the Salvation Army if you're not careful.

MR. DRAKE

You're a charming Salvation Army lassie, Miss Middleton. Hawk's resigning from the army and I'm going to chuck my job. We're going to enlist in the army for the salvation of the United States of America.

HAWK *and* DRAKE *walk out arm in arm.*

MISS MIDDLETON

(*To* BARNEY) Come over here and let's sit down. (*They sit*) Look here, Charley Barney, you've had a college education. You're going to control a great fortune made in the United States. What are you going to do with your life?

BARNEY

(*Who has rather an affected and finicky way, due to too much residence abroad during the formative period*) I really don't know, Miss Middleton. My father wants me to go into business. I hate business. If we only had delightful country life like they have in England, fox-hunting and house parties and all that sort of thing. I'd like to go into politics, but here they're so low down. It's not like in England, where it's a gentleman's game. If they won't give me a commission in the army, I may try diplomacy.

MISS MIDDLETON

(*Sarcastically*) What's the matter with the Church?

BARNEY

Oh, I say, Miss Middleton.

MISS MIDDLETON

Well, American diplomacy is not gold-lace and champagne. It's hard work for patriotic men of brains, and the army's a noble profession. There's room for red blood in the Church. Now, if you've got any brains and patriotism, get into the game and use them for the country. I don't know yet whether you're any good or not, but you owe your whole fortune to this country and it's up to you to do something for it. Why the politics of one State, serving the people in some local office you never heard of, is field enough for any man. I'm not surprised you don't want to go into business. Why should you want to make more money? You've got too much already. There's some little excuse for the selfish neglect of political duties by men who have a hard struggle to support their families. There's none for men like you. Oh, the privilege of being a young American with enough to live on and a surplus to spend for the good of his country! If I were such a one I'd just spend enough on myself to be comfortable and I'd feel that I *owed* the rest of my money and *all* my mind, my courage, and my energy, to my country. What is the matter with young men like you? Don't you see what chances

of usefulness, what fine careers, you are throwing away? And you sit around futile and gently bored — or else you work for money you neither desire nor need! Get into the game. Organize boy scouts, improve agriculture, run decent newspapers, take off your kid gloves and go into ward politics. *Do* something. *Be* something. This is *your* country. Help run it. Improve it! Serve it. Repay it for the fortunes it has given you.

BARNEY

Oh, I say, Miss Middleton.

MISS MIDDLETON

The trouble is people like you all want to be ambassadors or glorified advocates of peace. Every little leader must have a movement all his own. The average man cares more for prominence than for achievement. You don't like to work in unsterilized politics. (*Ironically*) I suppose you're too refined. Here comes your mother.

MRS. BARNEY *appears.*

MRS. BARNEY

Jack, have you met that Miss Chrystabel Squiggs-Mugginson who is a house guest at the British Embassy?

MISS MIDDLETON

How hospitable not to keep her in the stable!

MRS. BARNEY

She's *so* charming. She's just been presented at Court. Miss Middleton, you ought to be presented at Court.

BARNEY

Come over motoring with us this spring. You can do it then.

MISS MIDDLETON

(*Gravely and thoughtfully*) I'm not going to Europe again for a long time — perhaps never. It's much too interesting here these days.

MRS. BARNEY

What can the dear child mean? Why we can meet the officials through our embassy — and the men who are working out great problems like India and Egypt, and Parliament will be in session.

It's fascinating. My husband knows the Under-Secretary of the English Foreign Office.

DRAKE *walks in and comes up to them.*

MISS MIDDLETON

Oh, Mrs. Barney, do you know Mr. Drake? He's a great man in our Foreign Office.

MRS. BARNEY *greets him indifferently.*

MR. DRAKE

(*To* MISS MIDDLETON) The Governor of the Philippines is here — want to meet him? Just back from seven years of fine constructive work. He thinks independence would be fatal — make the worst type of Central American republic on a huge scale. Usual story — mass of the people simple, honest and industrious. Independence means their oppression by a small bunch of half-educated grafters and opera bouffe heroes, with a moral protectorate to drag us in.

MISS MIDDLETON

That's interesting. Yes.

BARNEY

Do they have polo at Manila?

MRS. BARNEY

Who's the Governor of the Philippines? I never heard of him. Oh, Jack, Miss Squiggs-Mugginson has been traveling in South America. She met your sister Sibyl — stopped with them at the Legation. She knew Baron Gadding when he was Secretary in London.

MR. DRAKE

What's the news from Colonia? The Baron's countrymen are very active there. I suppose he's very busy and your daughter's become a great diplomat? I wish we had her on our side, Mrs. Barney.

MISS MIDDLETON

Why did you let Sibyl marry a foreigner? I can't see how our girls can do it, giving up their country, taking their fortunes abroad, raising sons for foreign armies. What should we think of our men if they gave up their country so lightly?

MR. DRAKE

You're all right, Miss Middleton. But it's the American men who're to blame. We're too shy, or too busy, or too lazy to cultivate the arts and

graces. We don't give our women a look in on the big things. We fall between the harem and the partnership. When you get woman's suffrage you can change the law of expatriation; — or to put a tax on fortunes expatriated through marriage would be very effective, I daresay. Mrs. Barney, how does the Baroness like Colonia?

MRS. BARNEY

Oh, I don't know. Those posts are so stupid. They just missed going to the Balkans. I wish the Baron could be stationed in Europe — or come to Washington.

MR. DRAKE

(*Thoughtfully*) Colonia is in the Balkans of the United States,— our most important sphere of vital interest.

MRS. BARNEY

The Queen of Roumania is *so* interesting! She has a wonderful hospital for the blind. I'm working for one in New York. We've got the English ambassadress to be a patroness. It must be so dreadful to be blind and not be able to see and understand things.

MISS MIDDLETON

We need a school for the blind who *won't* see.

MRS. BARNEY

Here comes the dear Ambassador.

THE AMBASSADOR *appears at the door of the Green Room, looks about, evidently in search of someone, and turns back.*

MRS. BARNEY

(*Rising*) The diplomats are all going home. It's getting late. I must find Mr. Barney and go. Come, Jack, I want to introduce you to that delightful English girl.

JACK *says good-night to* MISS MIDDLETON *and* DRAKE *and he and his mother pass into the East Room.*

MISS MIDDLETON *is meanwhile led by* DRAKE *to a seat at the right behind the palm trees. Once alone with* MISS MIDDLETON, *he assumes a very tender manner toward her. They converse in low tone. He takes her hand, which she soon withdraws. An* AIDE-DE-CAMP *enters evidently looking for some one.*

THE AIDE-DE-CAMP

Drake, are you there?

MR. DRAKE

Yes, here I am.

THE AIDE-DE-CAMP

Just wait a minute, Mr. Barney wants to see you. I'll get him.

He goes out and returns immediately with BARNEY, SR.

MR. BARNEY

(*Confidentially*) I don't like to tell the President. Will you tell him? You know he wants those newspapers to support editorially his national defense policy and those treaties and the ship subsidy. Tell him I've spoken to 'em. They say the public's not interested in foreign affairs. There's no demand. I couldn't press them. You see Goldstein and his friends are against it. Well, you see, my credit's in their hands. I'm patriotic, and all that, you know, but business is business. I don't know what's the matter with Goldstein. Now if we could have a

little war — not serious — that would have a news value — excite the public. You could get the press behind you.

MR. DRAKE

Yes, when it was too late. Thanks. I'll tell the President. Good-night.

MR. BARNEY *says good-night and withdraws.* DRAKE *returns to his seat beside* MISS MIDDLETON. *He sighs and looks wrapped in gloomy thought. She watches him. Suddenly his eyes turn to her and his expression changes to one of tenderness. He smiles and again takes her hand, which she again withdraws. The hum of voices has gradually died away. A colored servant comes out the doors of the East Room, which he closes, and then starts to the door of the Green Room, where he meets* THE AMBASSADOR *coming out with his arm in that of* MR. GOLDSTEIN. *They are in earnest conversation, in low tones.*

THE AMBASSADOR

(*To the* SERVANT) Are we the last?

SERVANT

Yas, sah. Youse de las'. But dey ain't no hurry. Jest you take yo time, gemmen. When youse ready jest come through hyar an' I'll let you out through the South do'.

THE AMBASSADOR

(*Pointing*) Through there? All right.

As THE AMBASSADOR *and* MR. GOLDSTEIN *saunter to the middle of the room, where they stand talking,* DRAKE *seizes* MISS MIDDLETON *by the wrist and forces her with himself into a position against the wall where they are quite hidden.* MISS MIDDLETON *looks surprised, but holds her peace at a signal from* DRAKE.

THE AMBASSADOR

Now is it understood, once for all, friend Goldstein? His Majesty feels the greatest interest in our enterprise in Colonia. Support these American plans, remember, and no more market for your securities on our bourse or with our allies. His Majesty wishes to see no merchant marine in this country, either. Your race is being persecuted still in our allies' country. His

Majesty's influence would be valuable. A Yankee naval and diplomatic expansion just now would be very inopportune. You of course love your new country; but what do they want? We must expand. His Majesty has great plans. This great peace movement is America's natural rôle. They can afford it. Get the shipping and financial interests to see this. Now, goodnight. And, if you decide to go back and would like to be Baron Goldstein — maybe I could help you.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

Yes, Excellency; but where do I come in? As a matter of business I should have liked to take these loans for Colonia and the railroad to Panama, but —

THE AMBASSADOR

You cannot do it. I can turn something your way later through your European house. (*Laughing*) There may be no trouble, but if there is, it will be *big* trouble. We'll let your house in on the financing of the war indemnity! Goodnight.

THE AMBASSADOR *goes out through the Green Room with a jaunty gait.* MR. GOLDSTEIN *stands with rather a stupefied expression*

wrapped in silent thought. The AIDE-DE-CAMP *appears at the Blue Room door with* HAWK, MR. TURNER *and* MISS TURNER.

THE AIDE-DE-CAMP

Why Drake and Miss Middleton were here a few minutes ago. They said they'd meet us here. (*Seeing* GOLDSTEIN, *who has turned around in surprise, aroused from his reverie*) Good evening again, Mr. Goldstein.

DRAKE AND MISS MIDDLETON

(*Who have meanwhile crept along the wall and returned by a détour of the rooms*) Here we are. We thought you were never coming.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

(*Who has regained his composure, joins them*) The beautiful American simplicity of this White House captivates me. I forgot all about the time. This is awful. I must be going right away.

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*To* MISS MIDDLETON) The Turner family has had an eye-opener this evening. Turner has seen his Expressive idol, Senator Hyhead, at close

range. He heard all about the bill for the protection of waterfowl, and then the ten commandments, decently cloaked, of course, in legitimate expediency. You'll let me write to you, won't you, Miss Turner? (*Quite seriously*) It's been a wonderful evening — such a joy to meet a plain — no, far from plain (MISS TURNER *looks silly and blushes*) a simple American girl of the old school, with no European airs — and with serious ideas.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

Good-night, ladies. Good —

MR. DRAKE

(*Pale and with tragic earnestness*) Mr. Goldstein — or have you decided to be Baron Goldstein? —

GOLDSTEIN *turns pale — composes himself, and smirks, resuming an air of some assurance.* THE PRESIDENT *appears suddenly in the door of the Green Room, with his hands in his pockets and smoking a long cigar.*

THE PRESIDENT

What! Some of you still here? Hello, Mr. Goldstein. (*Very cordially.* GOLDSTEIN *bows*

with constraint) Hello, Drake. Hello, Miss Middleton — up pretty late, aren't you? (*He nods to them all*) This is fine. I can't sleep. I'm too worried about those national defense measures. I've been out on the terrace thinking. It got a little cool, so I thought I'd come in here and walk up and down and smoke awhile.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

I must go, Mr. President.

He holds out his hand.

MR. DRAKE

(*Quietly*) Don't shake that man's hand. He's a traitor.

GOLDSTEIN *recoils.*

THE PRESIDENT

(*With a start, severely*) Mr. Drake! You forget yourself.

MR. DRAKE

I apologize, sir; but this is serious. You must know of this. It is made criminal by statute for an American citizen to correspond with a foreign government against the diplomatic interests of the

United States. A certain Ambassador practically ordered this man to oppose your measures of national defense. He acquiesced. I will tell you the details later. (*To* MR. GOLDSTEIN, *pulling down his cuff*) I have a stenographic report of that whole conversation. (*Sarcastically*) It would make good reading in the papers, wouldn't it? If the American people knew —

MR. GOLDSTEIN

(*With a snarl*) Do you think they would print it? Do you think they'd believe you, a mere bureaucrat? I will have Senator Dormant spoken to about an investigation of your Department and its meddling imperialistic schemes.

THE PRESIDENT

(*With emotion, to his* AIDE-DE-CAMP) Show Mr. Goldstein out.

THE PRESIDENT *stands in the middle of the hall with his hands to his head and groans: "Oh, Lord, is this possible!" The others stand in a group to the right, respectfully silent.*

THE PRESIDENT

And I counted on Goldstein as an American. Perhaps I was wrong to expect it. Look at these

native born Americans chosen by the nation. I can't even make them stand up together for the broad national interest. It's in the air. If we who are born here can't work together as one for the nation, what on earth can we expect of those we wish to assimilate? (*Wistfully*) But we take them in so heartily. How can they ever stand apart when it comes to a national duty? You'd think they'd feel they owed a *special* debt of gratitude. God give us a second generation American through and through and teach us to set them an example of earnest nationalism.

MR. DRAKE

What an evening! First, that fellow Caro, a near-American foreigner, interfering in our industrial and social affairs, and now this other American foreigner controlling our public opinion and interfering in policies vital to the country.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Mr. Goldstein is too broadminded for us. Thank God, they're not all like him. (*Excitedly*) I'm for every true American, whatever

his race or creed (*striking his hand on the hilt of his sword*) but I'm against people who are American this or American that,— though I'm willing to fight and die for any kind of *Americans*. The country first. That's the test.

THE PRESIDENT

I'll sit down with you a few minutes. Then you must all go home.

MISS MIDDLETON

(*Goes up to* THE PRESIDENT *and puts her hand in his*) I want to tell you something, Mr. President. I'm going to marry Mr. Drake. (DRAKE *looks rapturous and surprised and seizes her free hand and kisses it*) I haven't told him yet, but I found out this evening that he loves his country more than he loves me. That's why.

THE PRESIDENT

My wife *will* be happy. You're great favorites of hers, you know. (*He pats them on the shoulders*) I wish you all happiness, dear children.

All congratulate them.

THE PRESIDENT

Don't I get a kiss as master of the house? (*They laugh as he steps forward*)

THE PRESIDENT *kisses her on the forehead. An old-fashioned clock meanwhile chimes the hour of one.*

THE PRESIDENT

Now, young people, it's one o'clock. Good gracious. You *must* go home, young ladies. (*Meanwhile the lights have gradually gone out in the room beyond and are growing dim in the hall. All are standing and* THE PRESIDENT *starts toward the stair*)

THE PRESIDENT

(*Taking a paper from his pocket*) Oh, by the way, Drake, here's a carbon of a telegram tonight from that embassy of ours. What do you make of it?

The lights are growing dim as he reads it and a thin white film drops before the stage, increasing the effect of dimness and making the group appear to recede.

MR. DRAKE

(*In a low voice*) They're in earnest about Colonia. None but the best diplomacy can stop them — if it's not too late already.

THE PRESIDENT

Petty politics. The rule of *little Americans*.

CAPTAIN HAWK

God bless our big America.

Other filmy curtains fall, gradually increasing the dimness. The orchestra begins to play the "Star Spangled Banner" faintly.

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*Continues*) What fools we are getting to be. Lord have mercy upon us. (*Very faintly*) Poor navy fellows. Worse than us. Sunk like rats. Three to one. No chance. Damn that fellow Shuffler. Everything for re-election. Country can go to hell.

Meanwhile the orchestra has become loud and the curtain has become a solid white sheet. Upon it appears first a body of troops marching by. The orchestra plays a march. Then

appears a battleship, steaming by, while a navy tune is played. Then is seen the entrance to the Panama Canal. The orchestra is softly playing the "Star Spangled Banner," one section of it introducing alternately the national anthems of Great Britain, Japan, Germany and France. Certain concealed instruments punctuate this medley with the crash and whistle of shells and the rattle of musketry. These sounds gradually give place to the wailing of women as the music grows fainter. A party of troops is seen to rush a redoubt where the American flag flies, to lower the flag and to raise another flag. The lights in the theatre, which have gradually grown dimmer, go out for fifteen seconds. Then the mist on the stage clears away and reveals the actors standing exactly as before.

CURTAIN

FOURTH DISCUSSION

FOURTH DISCUSSION

Scene I

Three years and a half have elapsed. It is nine o'clock of an evening in November. The scene is the office of THE CHIEF OF STAFF, *in all respects the same as in the first act.* GENERAL MIDDLETON, THE CHIEF OF STAFF, *in civilian clothes, sits at his desk with piles of papers before him. The room is brightly lighted, as is the room beyond, from which is heard the rattle of many typewriters. Clerks pass to and fro with papers. A young officer in civilian clothes sits in a chair at the right of the desk of* THE CHIEF OF STAFF, *half facing him.* GENERAL MIDDLETON *has aged noticeably, his hair having turned grey. His face wears a haggard, careworn look, and a sad expression.* CAPTAIN HAWK *in evening dress sits in an easy-chair at the left of* GENERAL MIDDLETON'S *desk, lounging with a thoughtful air and smoking a cigarette.*

THE GENERAL

(*To* HAWK) How do you like it out in Chicago?

CAPTAIN HAWK

Oh, pretty well in some ways. There's something about those western people: they're wholesouled and real. When we get those people really to attend to public questions and watch what goes on at their State capitals and what goes on here in Washington, we're going to get a square deal for sane government policies. So far the press and the politicians have been too much in the way.

The officer at HAWK'S *old desk getting up and walking toward* HAWK *with a gesture, says to him: "Won't you come over and sit at your old desk? You'll feel more at home."* HAWK *is in a brown study for a moment. He then gets up and with a smile of appreciation replies: "Thanks very much." He goes over, exchanging seats with the officer.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

The Drakes and ourselves were dining tonight at Mrs. Barney's. Everyone gay as a lark. Ca-

bello and Verda were going to sing, five thousand per, followed by some new-fangled dancers at the same figure. Just like the ball before Waterloo. Confusion at home and war clouds on the horizon, — and (*bitterly*) not an idea above dancing, pretty dresses and a good time. I couldn't stand it. Drake will be along soon.

THE GENERAL

Drake's doing great work with his editorials since he left the State Department. I find he's making some of the people at the Capitol sit up.

CAPTAIN HAWK

We came on from Chicago together. It was like old Drake to come out to help celebrate Dan Riley's election to succeed me in the House. A fine type of American, is Dan Riley. Did Drake tell you they're suggesting me for the Senate? I don't seem to see my way clear, though.

The old colored MESSENGER *comes in and announces* MR. DRAKE.

THE GENERAL

Bring him right in.

DRAKE *enters and shakes hands with* THE GENERAL.

THE GENERAL

How's my little daughter?

Oh, fine. She and Mrs. Hawk are such politicians that they were leaving early to get away from the silly talk. Of course, they were telling the hostess that they had to get back to the children.

THE GENERAL

(*To* HAWK) How does your wife like Washington this time?

CAPTAIN HAWK

She still takes it rather hard. The machinery of Government looks better when you're not near enough to hear it squeak. She never got over her initiation — the night Drake caught old Goldstein with the goods and I caught Caro. It depresses her. She came here an optimist, but now —

MR. DRAKE

General, things are not very serious yet, are they? The western papers didn't say much.

CAPTAIN HAWK

But what are you all lit up here for? That means something, always. The whole side of

the War Department's lit up, every window. Do you remember the night I was finishing up your arguments for the national defense bills?

THE GENERAL

(*Sadly*) I do, indeed. (*After a pause*) Hawk, do you think you did right to leave the House of Representatives?

CAPTAIN HAWK

Yes, I could see no hope — now. Later it may be different. I have been talking it over with Drake and I've decided to put my entire fortune into a campaign of education. Drake's going to work with me. We can see no hope except in attacking the national diseases at the root — in telling the truth to the people and arousing public opinion. I have a plan in mind — sort of a patriotic league.

THE CLERK

(*Comes from the room beyond and approaches* THE GENERAL. *He speaks to him in a low voice*) Telephone from the White House that the President has sent out an urgent call for a cabinet meeting tonight.

THE GENERAL

(*Makes a low whistle*) Anything from the State Department tonight?

THE CLERK

No, sir, but they're now deciphering a long telegram.

THE GENERAL

(*After a brief silence, looking very gravely at* HAWK *and* DRAKE) My dear boys, the situation is of the very utmost seriousness.

HAWK *and* DRAKE *start.*

MR. DRAKE

Why, General, you don't mean to say —

Just then the colored MESSENGER *comes in and announces* SENATOR DORMANT, SENATOR ROCK, REPRESENTATIVE SHUFFLER *and* SENATOR HYHEAD. THE GENERAL *rises and shakes hands with them gravely. The two young officers offer their chairs and draw up others. The* SENATORS *seat themselves about the desk of* THE CHIEF OF STAFF. DRAKE *goes over and sits on the edge of the desk at which* HAWK *is seated.*

SENATOR DORMANT

Well, well, General. You look tired. All the windows lit in this building's making folks talk. There's nothing in it, is there — except that little trouble down in Colonia?

SENATOR ROCK

(*Pompously*) This man Drake here with his editorials is largely responsible for all this excitement. Why, this very day I got letters from a dozen constituents actually asking if we were prepared for war!

SENATOR DORMANT

Prepared! Well, I guess nobody's going to monkey with Uncle Sam. Conolia! Who cares for Conolia?

MR. DRAKE

Colonia's the name of the place, Senator.

SENATOR ROCK

Mr. Drake, I thought you were now a party man. Why don't you write some reassuring editorials and support your party? (*To* SENATOR DORMANT) Why, there was an awful slump on

the stock exchange today. These howlers'll bring on a business crash, the first thing we know.

He looks at DRAKE.

MR. DRAKE

Why don't I support my party? (*Very quietly and slowly*) Because I'd rather support my country. This administration had no mandate from the people to modify our diplomatic policies, nor to keep us a helpless babe on land and sea. Your new style party's a makeshift of minority groups — compromise of contending prejudices — jealous know-it-all doctrinaires. That's no party. Do you remember the " Burgois Gentilhomme "— the story of the man who suddenly got rich and started in to buy an education — and how he was told what *poetry* was and what *prose* was, and was so tickled foolish to find he'd been talking prose all his life without knowing it? Well, there's your get-power-quick politician — the American " Burgois Gentilhomme." Not the hard-shell cynic of the old school; oh, no, he'll soon be gone forever, I hope. But it's this new transition brand — part high-brow, part hypocrite, part demagogue — discoverer of justice, patentee of honesty — sing high, sing low — and a

wink at the gallery. And the gallery laps it up like a kitten! *Of course* our former foreign policies were wrong. Did not they date before the new dispensation? It would be too horrible to admit that they could be just or honest. You might think we'd been criminals because we worked for American interest. We lacked the higher altruism. This is beyond me! Who will look after American interests if not the American Government? And what else is a Government for? And see what our deliverers have let us in for. We're on a rotten bridge of opportunism between the rotten old and a new era of real men. I suppose it was decreed that America's stirring conscience should first be ridden thus. It can't last long. Oh, the attitudinizing of these people makes me sick. We must all be villains to make a background for the great act of some professional Honest Man. Plain men wear their honesty as they wear their skins — unconsciously. It remains for this modern type of genius to capitalize it — and strut, an Honest Man,— if he has to blacken everybody else to keep his monopoly!

SENATOR ROCK

The stock market —

MR. DRAKE

To hell with the stock market!

SENATOR HYHEAD

But, General, you are prepared, I suppose, if anything serious should happen?

SENATOR ROCK

When you place the order for those new field guns we appropriated for at the last session, I want you to give a good share to that company out in my state. You remember, I spoke to you about it.

THE GENERAL

(*Nods to* SENATOR ROCK. *To* SENATOR HYHEAD, *speaking very quietly and distinctly*) No, Senator, neither the army nor the navy is in the least prepared for war.

MR. SHUFFLER

What! That's a pretty situation. Well, how long will it take you to get ready, then? (*A pause*) But, look here, man to man, this war business is all nonsense. You fellows always start something to try to put over your appropriations.

(*He laughs knowingly*) Why, I remember three or four years ago — (*turning to the* SENATORS) This talk unsettles the country. Why, if the people get the notion that we had to eat dirt on the Monroe Doctrine the party'd go out and stay out for a hundred years. The President ought to issue a reassuring statement.

A pause.

THE GENERAL

(*With his eyebrows raised and very drily*) Mr. Shuffler, I believe you asked me how long it would take this Government to be prepared for war. I mean real war.

MR. SHUFFLER

Yes, how long would it?

A pause

THE GENERAL

(*Thoughtfully*) If all the measures of national defense had been passed by Congress as recommended by the last administration just three and one-half years ago — let's see, we allowed in the bills for rush work — yes, we should be ready today.

MR. SHUFFLER

But, General, what we want to know is, how long will it take now?

THE GENERAL

(*After a pause and glancing up at the ceiling*) Precisely three and one-half years. You see we should have had the battleships and our merchant marine for transports and naval reserve. We should have had a well-trained militia and then — (*to* DRAKE) Mr. Drake, the conventions for the railroad to Panama and the loan to clean up Colonia needed nothing but ratification by the Senate, did they?

MR. DRAKE

Oh, no, that's all.

SENATOR HYHEAD

But, General, this is most extraordinary. My constituents —

SENATOR DORMANT

Now the peace movement —

The SENATORS *exchange words in a low tone and* SENATOR ROCK *leans over to say some-*

thing privately to SENATOR DORMANT. *The door opens and a man about forty, in an overcoat with his hat in his hand, rushes in, evidently under great excitement. He pauses a moment and glances about, taken aback at seeing so many people in the room.*

THE GENERAL

(*Rising*) Good evening. (*They shake hands*) Senators, this gentleman occupies the post our friend Drake used to have in the State Department, head of the Political Bureau. Mr. Harrison.

MR. HARRISON

(*He bows very hurriedly to the* SENATORS *without shaking hands, and says to* THE GENERAL) Would you mind coming over here a moment?

He leads him to one side and hands him a large sheet of paper. THE GENERAL *reads it, his hand trembling slightly.*

MR. HARRISON

The President has it already. I thought you ought to know. I'm just on my way to the White House.

He hurries out.

SENATOR DORMANT

Who's this man Harrison?

MR. DRAKE

Oh, he's a nice fellow,— a particular friend of your great statesman. He used to be a doctor. You see when a man's all things to all men himself, he naturally thinks all men are adapted to all things. So he calls in a doctor for his diplomacy. To even up, I trust he calls in a diplomatist when he's sick. All the old gang of professionals who used to work like niggers day and night when we had foreign policies have been fired. He's put in a lot of political friends. He couldn't have a decent policy because the wise ones were taboo, you see, because we'd evolved them. If I was a little meaner I'd think they wanted to get the country into trouble to muddy the water for political advantage. I couldn't think that; but I wish to hell the politicians who drifted us into this war could be the ones killed in it. There'd be some sense and justice in that, anyhow.

The telephone on the desk where HAWK *is seated rings violently. A young officer goes and answers.*

YOUNG OFFICER

The White House, General. It's for you.

THE GENERAL

(*Reaches for the telephone on his desk*) Hello — Oh, good evening, Mr. President. (THE GENERAL *instinctively bows as he speaks through the telephone. Everyone in the room is silent and intently watching* GENERAL MIDDLETON) Tomorrow morning? — Then it will be out in the afternoon papers? — Yes, to Tampa, Guantanamo — Yes, a divisional commander, General Murray is the man — Yes, I'll see the Secretary of the Navy tonight — Very well, Mr. President, I'll come over there in an hour. Goodbye, Sir.

The three SENATORS *and* REPRESENTATIVE SHUFFLER *look taken aback and lean forward eagerly.*

SENATOR DORMANT

Well? Well? What's this?

SENATOR ROCK

Why, you don't mean there's trouble really coming?

MR. SHUFFLER

Now, the feeling in the West —

DRAKE *and* HAWK *have been watching the* SENATORS *with a rather cynical expression.* GENERAL MIDDLETON *rises and walks quietly over to where* DRAKE *and* HAWK *are sitting. He looks older and more broken and his gait is heavy. He draws the paper from his pocket and shows it to* DRAKE, *who takes it. They read.*

SENATOR ROCK

What's up?

SENATOR DORMANT

General, if there's anything going on, we insist upon knowing it. The dignity of the Senate —

THE GENERAL

(*Who is standing near* DRAKE *and* HAWK) Gentlemen, Mr. Drake is my son-in-law, Captain Hawk was for years my military secretary. This is a matter of personal privilege. In regard to diplomatic affairs I must refer you to the President or to the Department of State. It is the wish of the President that this matter remain con-

fidential until the President's message is read in both houses of Congress tomorrow at noon. Now, if you'll excuse me I'll have to issue some orders.

The SENATORS *rise, looking rather dazed.*

SENATOR ROCK

Well, this is a pretty situation.

SENATOR DORMANT

(*Turning to* THE GENERAL) Now, what's the sense of your getting us into trouble over Colonia? Why all those little South American republics don't amount to shucks. Let 'em fight it out. We've got the Monroe Doctrine. If you've got some question with Europe, why there's arbitration. Now Doctor Harmony was telling me about this peace movement. Somebody must have blundered. The idea of our getting into trouble over Colonia. I doubt very much whether Congress can support you on this question.

THE GENERAL

(*Draws himself up to his full height, standing behind his desk*) Senator Dormant, there is no question. The Monroe Doctrine is squarely chal-

lenged. Whatever you may think of Colonia, the honor of America is involved. There is no question of arbitration. This is a case for shot and shell and not Doctor Harmony.

SENATOR DORMANT

I don't believe it. It's one of those little South American rumpusses. Why if Europe,— that's another question. (*Raising his stick and banging it down*) I've always believed in enforcing the Monroe Doctrine up to the hilt!

SENATOR ROCK

Oh, come on, Senator, there's an election coming. War talk's popular, you know.

They go out.

DRAKE *and* HAWK *walk rapidly up to* THE GENERAL *as he seats himself behind his desk.*

MR. DRAKE

This is horrible.

CAPTAIN HAWK

Are we in the way? Have you any orders to issue?

THE GENERAL

No, I'd like your company. What little I can do is all prepared. I've only a few telegrams to send. I saw this coming. (*Almost sobbing*) Merciful God, there is little enough I can do. (*He clears his throat loudly*) Captain Jeffries, give me those telegrams.

CAPTAIN JEFFRIES *goes to a safe against the wall, undoes the combination and brings about twenty-five telegrams all written out. He lays them in front of* THE GENERAL *and blots them as* THE GENERAL *signs. Meanwhile* HAWK *has lit a cigarette and begins pacing nervously up and down the room, his hands deep in his pockets and his shoulders elevated.* DRAKE *still sits at the desk. He also lights a cigarette and his eye follows* HAWK *up and down. The* YOUNG OFFICER *rings a bell, whereat the* CLERK *appears. He hands the telegrams to the* CLERK.

YOUNG OFFICER

Send these. Give those to Tampa and San Antonio right of way. Only about half of them

are enciphered. No, let the enciphered ones go on the wire first.

The CLERK *hurries out.*

THE GENERAL

(*Wagging his head and spreading his arms with a gesture*) That's all I can do.

MR. DRAKE

Dear old father-in-law, it's not your fault, you must brace up and keep well. You're needed. (*After a pause and in a voice of sarcastic bitterness with an affectation of levity*) How very interesting it is to remember that not four years ago I carefully explained to that Senate Committee that we had the biggest sphere of influence on earth through the Monroe Doctrine; that Colonia was a vital point; that with the convention we could put it out of danger. Then if we'd bit off more than we could chew we could chuck the Monroe Doctrine south of the Isthmus.

THE GENERAL

(*Sternly*) It humiliates me as an American that this country should talk big about the open door in China and the Monroe Doctrine and de-

liberately invite humiliation by not being prepared for war. No self-respecting country should have pretensions it cannot back up. No one but a fool would believe that our foxy friends in Europe, who all hate us, took any stock in this peace talk or could keep their envious eyes off the whole American continent.

MR. DRAKE

(*In the same tone as before*) Possibly the most interesting point of all is that at that time I carefully explained, under instructions from the President, that it was highly probable that within four years the much-advertised European duel would come off. It was perfectly plain that the victor would command the seas of the earth and would think Central America should be rescued from its condition of unexploited turmoil and arrested development. It was explained with equal clearness that the alternative of this was an alliance of the two Powers, ostensibly in the interests of peace, but really to show that the earth belongs to the lions and eagles and not to the turkeys. It was for Congress to choose whether the American emblem should be an eagle or a turkey.

THE GENERAL

A pretty easy prophecy, John, but nobody would believe it. Well, Hawk, I'll begin giving out commissions tomorrow. Even young Barney will stand a show now. I suppose you're going back? I'll put you in the 13th cavalry. (*Laughing sarcastically*) It's a long ride to the Panama Canal.

HAWK *faces about flushed.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

When I was a little boy, I was sure that America was everything that was fine and noble. I was brought up on the idea that we were a nation of sturdy idealists, high-minded, but practical; free from cant; a happy family living together for the greatest good of the greatest number. We were a nation with a soul. We worked for those ideals. My great-great-grandfather died in the Revolution, fighting for those ideals. (*With a nervous laugh*) You remember, General, that's his sword over there. (*Pointing to the crossed swords on the wall*) We faced the world's greatest empire, and triumphed for our free representative democracy. My father carried that other sword at Shiloh when he lost his arm, again fight-

ing for our ideal of a united happy nation under free institutions. Where is the patriotism of the fathers, calm and self-contained? No blatant scream of the eagle. "Aim low, wait till you see the whites of their eyes." Patriotism! Look at the press. Look at the politician riding his hobby intent on his own fame. They don't even give their own Government the benefit of the doubt. Partisanship eclipses patriotism. They argue the foreigner's case. (*Turning to* DRAKE *and gesticulating in a pleading manner*) Why, I grew up with the idea that American civilization, American free representative government, and the noble soul of America would be a magnet of irresistible force. When Rome was great, to become part of the Roman Empire was an honor sought by neighboring states. So, I thought, one day the struggling republics at our door, schooled by our influence to better citizenship, would be made worthy and would come begging for admission to our glorious Union. (HAWK *is evidently lost in abstraction and moves about the room gesticulating, self-absorbed and looking straight before him. He laughs bitterly*) And what do I find? A mob divided by a thousand selfish interests. A *nation* of ninety millions? Bah!

And the literacy test is gravely discussed, as if reading gave a man a soul! Do we send our agents abroad to look at the character of immigrants; to make fitness, as shown by honest toil, the test? Do we take advantage of the laws of nature that the best men to join our nation are those now getting the best wages? Oh, no. Be degenerates, be defectives. Only read. Education in a wicked mind; firearms in wicked hands; money in the pockets of the foolish, the frivolous, the selfish. These are our many dangers. The jealousy of the churches banishes religion from our schools. We need no God. Do we need no ethics? The Chinese have at least Confucius. We educate the mind. We pretend to believe in the soul, but what do we do for it? We have pure food laws for the body. Our press is free to poison the soul day after day. Yet we pretend to believe in the soul,— canting nonsense. The farmer selects the seed for his wheat. We raise wonderful hogs. We gain millions in money. Three or four little citizens are born to our great European rivals for one American of the old American stock. Our birth rate is falling. We blame it on the women. Do they prefer feathers and silks to the motherhood of good citizens?

Money! Money! Money to squander the health of those who should be the fathers of a noble race. We spurn happiness and choose the pleasure of a day. What do we do for the soul? Is money our God? Money is international. Money knows no country. Like master, like man. If money's his God the citizen, too, becomes hard, and the duties of citizenship become the mere harlots of self-interest. We abolish the canteen. We're prohibitionists. We'll become righteous by legislation. We'll found societies for righteousness. Senator Hyhead will cure the neglect of the barest functions of loyal citizenship by doubling the duties with his precious referendums and isms. All this talk is so much easier than a little self-control and individual effort and sincerity. Our strongest citizens cry to the national conscience till it wakes and will heed them. Then they poison us with the lessons of casuistry and debase our ideals of truth, make us cynics. What a spectacle. The reformers howl. We examine them and find them, in the name of the people's rule, only urging their favorite upon us. Co-operation, the magic of business efficiency. Do we find it in our Government? Oh, no. In public affairs you find no patriotic trust. Here's the

beauty of competition. Do you find the bravest and the most intelligent and most just working together forgetting themselves in a solemn effort to make good laws? No (*very sarcastically*) it is not what shall we do, it is only who shall do it. We're to live or die by the election of Congressman Smith, or Senator Jones, or President Brown. It is personalities not principles. It is not what is good for the people, it's the party's interest. If the key to Heaven were discovered by one party the opposition would throw it in the sea as the key to hell. I know. I've been in Congress. I was a sore-head. I ventured to criticize, to aspire to better things. (*With a bitter laugh*) To criticize is considered unpatriotic, though patriotic criticism is the key to national progress. If I'd criticized as a partisan, I should have been lauded as a good party man. I criticized as a patriot, and was jeered as a dreamer. They dared to call me unpatriotic. The correct thing is to say, " All's well "; to say " We can lick creation,"— to say it again till we believe it and to go blindly on. Reading? Study? No, we're too busy in the chase for money. We've no time. We must be quick with our half-baked ideas to outstrip the opposition; to get the credit. We

can't stop to be thorough. A sudden sensation; a popular cry; a makeshift; a compromise. We're too clever to study the past. History is reactionary. Intuition, luck, the mercy of God. And the cries like hounds on a trail. Once they're off what does it matter? The big trusts and all the little grocery men with their combinations and cartels sucking the blood of their neighbors; cheering the fight on their cleverer brothers, hoping to hide themselves. And peace fiends and faddists. (*He laughs an unnatural laugh*) And we're supposed to have a sense of humor. Look at them. Each with his own idea. Humor? Horse play! Not even sense of the ridiculous. Humor is sense of proportion. (*Putting his hands to his head*) My God, this is too ridiculous! And think of Stone and the labor organizations being taught class hatred; taught that we're aristocrats. Look at Senator Rock, a poor boy, a laborer, grows rich and grinds down his fellow laborers. They point to *him* as the aristocrat. I'm a plain American. I like gentlemen whether they can read or not. I've no thought for our country that I would not share with any honest American day laborer and be sure of his sympathy. I believe in fair play and the equality of

honorable truthful people who are not hogs or tricksters. And they try to put me in an aristocracy of money as if I couldn't have money and have an idea above money. (*Wringing his hands*) Oh, where's the America I believed in? Where are we drifting? And now a national humiliation, a sure defeat in war. Think of the fine soldiers and sailors, good Americans all, that are going to die for nothing but sure defeat. Oh, the blindness! Oh, how horrible!

He wrings his hands and has an almost hysterical manner.

THE GENERAL *and* DRAKE, *who have been listening with intense and disturbed attention, both get up and put their arms on his shoulders,* THE GENERAL *in a fatherly manner.*

MR. DRAKE

(*Taking his hand*) Look here, old man, you can't run on like this.

THE GENERAL

You'll feel better, my boy, when you get in a uniform and start for the front.

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*Pulling himself together and clearing his throat, in a dreamy manner*) Oh, to the front.

THE GENERAL

Yes, I'll get you appointed tomorrow a Captain in the 13th Cavalry. As a former officer, you'll be promoted right away.

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*Abstractedly*) To the front.

He laughs nervously, throws himself in a chair, fumbles for his cigarette case and lights a cigarette. DRAKE *and* THE GENERAL *stand side by side at his right.* HAWK *puffs the cigarette awhile in silence.*

CAPTAIN HAWK

I've seen how things are done. I've been two years in Congress. In a generation — let me see — I can put in about forty million dollars. My wife and I like to live simply. That will leave us enough. With a string of newspapers and some magazines and an organization extending into every State, town and ward and getting some

other fools like us to join, we can get the nation's interests understood and lay the foundation for making this a real nation and a happy family. Then there'll be something worth while.

MR. DRAKE

(*Assuming an air of optimism*) Oh, cheer up, old man, I'll be with you in the work; but you're in a horrible state of mind.

THE GENERAL

What about that commission in the 13th Cavalry?

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*Wearily*) To fight for what? (*Speaking rapidly*) I'm perfectly willing to go down there and get shot. We're accustomed to it in my family. But theirs represented something. They fought for a logical reason, for a holy cause. (*More vehemently and rising and resuming walking up and down*) What do you want me to fight for? Am I fighting for the pride of the most disgraceful criminal statistics a nation ever had? Am I fighting for the half-baked immigrants who can read and nothing else, for the Caros and Goldsteins? Is it for the international bankers, or the

big trusts or the little trusts? Am I fighting for the people at Mrs. Barney's dinner, who draw nothing but their incomes from the sacred soil of our country? Am I fighting for Senator Hyhead, who snaps his fingers at the constitutional representative government of our forefathers? What on earth am I fighting for? For the selfishness of Senator Rock's capitalists or Mr. Stone's labor organizations? Am I fighting for national incoherency, for a mob drunk with wealth, absorbed in money grubbing; for a lot of faddists who think in segments when great national questions are at issue? Am I fighting for somebody's re-election? My God, I'd like to know what I *am* fighting for!

Toward the end of this outburst, DRAKE *has gone over and sat down at the end of* THE GENERAL'S *desk facing* HAWK.

MR. DRAKE

(*Very quietly*) Old man, the new generation has got to atone for the sins of the old. America is passing through a crisis.

Meanwhile THE GENERAL *walks over beyond his desk halfway between it and the wall where the crossed swords hang under the portraits of Washington and Lincoln.*

THE GENERAL

(*Taking out his watch*) Hawk, I've got to go over to the cabinet meeting now.

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*Still looking down and self-absorbed*) All right, we'll go home. Come on, Drake.

THE GENERAL *walks over and takes down the newer of the two crossed swords and clears his throat. He then goes over to* HAWK, *examining the sword.*

THE GENERAL

(*In a perfectly matter-of-fact voice*) The design of sabres has not changed much since the Civil War. You'd better take this one. (*Musingly*) Your father was a great cavalry-man. Well, good-night. (*Holding out the sword*) Come down at ten in the morning and I'll give you your commission in the 13th Cavalry.

CAPTAIN HAWK

(*Taking the sword, in a natural voice*) Very well, sir. Good night.

DRAKE *shakes* THE GENERAL'S *hand and looks into his eyes for a moment. Then he throws*

one arm around HAWK'S *shoulders and the other around* THE GENERAL'S, *and they stand in a group with their heads together, their shoulders shaken with sobs.*

CURTAIN

Scene II

The curtain has been lowered to indicate the passage of six months. The scene is in the office of THE CHIEF OF STAFF *precisely the same as in the previous scene except that it is a summer evening; there is no noise of typewriters, the door into the outer office being closed; and through the windows are seen the trees of the White Lot and the Washington monument bathed in the amber light of the setting sun.* SENATOR DORMANT, SENATOR ROCK, SENATOR HYHEAD *and* REPRESENTATIVE SHUFFLER *are seated in conference with* GENERAL MIDDLETON, *who looks shockingly aged and worn. His visitors all show the aging effects of care and strain and sorrow.*

SENATOR ROCK

(*In a distressed voice*) What a horrible thing the blowing up of that battleship in the steel strike was.

SENATOR DORMANT

Just as it was nearly completed too. That sets us back some more.

SENATOR HYHEAD

Well, Senator, this comes of you capitalists holding out against the great popular movement.

SENATOR DORMANT

I'm tired of hearing about your great popular movement. What did your party ever do? Rainbow promises; the latest novelties in government. You made a lot of theorists and socialists, that's about all. What we want is a party that will make patriotic citizens, not old fools like we've been.

MR. SHUFFLER

The Senator's right. I detect in the West a great reaction in favor of the old representative institutions. Politics will never be the same again.

SENATOR ROCK

I was the worst of all. My eyes are opened now. (*With a bitter laugh*) I remember so well one night at the White House three or four years ago the President was telling me,— heigh-ho, that's spilt milk. We ought to have worked for industrial peace. I know Stone the labor leader feels the same. We used to hate each other like poison, but now we're going to talk things over and try to get together. There've been too many Caros; and capital hating labor and labor hating capital. That's been the trouble. There're already about a hundred thousand laboring men and their families being fed at soup kitchens maintained by wicked trust magnates. This calamity brings agony enough to citizens of every station. May it bring the love that comes to comrades in affliction! Now human relations between employer and employed and a good immigration law —

MR. SHUFFLER

Humph! None of us will have any more law making to do.

SENATOR DORMANT

No, I reckon this peace treaty'll be about the last act of our official life. (*Taking out his watch*) Drake ought to be here by now.

THE GENERAL

He'll be in any minute. He's getting his final instructions from the Secretary of State. He starts for New Orleans tonight.

SENATOR DORMANT

Funny how this war's changed people. Think of old Doctor Harmony trying to raise a regiment. He got enough of " peace as she is spoke."

SENATOR ROCK

And Mrs. Evangelina Tinker at the front with the Red Cross. Do you remember the talking to she gave you that morning, General?

DRAKE *enters briskly with a despatch box in his hand. He is evidently dressed for traveling. He shakes hands gravely with the* SENATORS *and* REPRESENTATIVE, *and greets* THE GENERAL, *next to whom he takes a seat.*

MR. DRAKE

Well, General, the talk is that the price of their not bombarding New York is to be the biggest war indemnity any country ever paid. Cheerful, isn't it, on top of their keeping the Canal and everything else we had lying around loose? It's a pleasant mission you've given me, gentlemen.

SENATOR DORMANT

(*Sadly*) I wish we'd listened to you, Drake! And I wish we'd sent you to that embassy. You understood the situation so well that you might have done something to save the country from all this.

MR. DRAKE

Oh, I don't know. Anyhow, now we've got to make the best of it, but you can't expect me to bring back a very pleasant treaty for you senators to ratify. They've got us — absolutely got us. With their ships up the river they can even keep us out of New Orleans. It's rather rubbing it in to insist on negotiating on American soil, I must say. (*To* THE GENERAL) General, the military situation will have a lot to do with these negotiations. You must keep right on enlisting

and drilling volunteers. Even if we have been entirely driven off the sea, with a million men or so on our frontiers we can give Europe something to think about. (*To the* SENATORS) Then, when they know that you've appropriated for ten battleships and are going to keep right on building, it may occur to them that it's wiser not to humiliate us too far with this treaty. My great fear is they'll try to exact a stipulation that we shall build no navy for a term of years. If they try that, the President ought to tell them to blow up New York and be damned first. If the President will stand for our agreeing to have no navy, he'll have to get some one else to negotiate for him.

SENATOR DORMANT

(*Banging the floor with his stick*) If it takes every man and every dollar in this country, we've got to re-establish the Monroe Doctrine and enforce it up to the hilt.

DRAKE *smiles.*

SENATOR HYHEAD

How are we going to get the money? How much taxation do you think the people will bear? Now if we had the referendum —

MR. SHUFFLER

The people out my way don't care any more about your referendums and all those new-fangled cure-alls. They want people who will represent them. They want men of courage who will take their ears off the ground long enough to do some thinking and acting. The people don't want to hire representatives and then have to do all the work themselves. That fad's exploded.

SENATOR ROCK

We'll have to raise the taxes to the skies. I hear Goldstein's European friends won't let him float an American loan. They threaten to flood the markets of the world with American securities and make everything we have dirt cheap and a panic.

THE GENERAL

I'm no banker, gentlemen, but if I know the American people they'll stand for the highest taxes you can levy at a time like this.

MR. DRAKE

The latest about old Goldstein is he decided to go back to Europe to make something out of the indemnity we shall have to pay. And now

they tell him no, he's an American. An international hermaphrodite! I guess there's only the back to Jerusalem movement left for him. I'm almost sorry for the old vulture. The best of his own race are loudest in condemning him.

THE GENERAL

Speaking of the Jews, poor Hawk used to point to their wonderful racial power and persistence as the results of their ancient religious teachings. They were taught to care for the body — and to propagate and inherit the earth. We find the same solidarity in the Mormons of Utah — and the idea of being a family. Those people are giving us splendid, hardy citizens — plain, clean men, who know that the plain virtues are never out of date. Hawk longed to see the whole American nation have that solidarity, that seriousness, and propagate, make the desert bloom, and inherit the earth. We've got to learn to. We'll need lots of good healthy men before we get through.

SENATOR DORMANT

That's so, and we've got to show the international bankers that we can raise money without

their help and show the international labor agitators that American workmen and capital can live in peace and build battleships and build them fast if we have to deport that whole bunch,— capital or labor,— that's too good to have a country.

THE GENERAL

Our reports show that all the Latin-Americans are getting tremendously friendly. They all love the Monroe Doctrine now.

SENATOR DORMANT

(*Bitterly*) Yes, all those little devils used to fool me about their liberties and their national honor and tell me that Drake's policy was too aggressive. Why, you ought to see the letters they're writing me now. They're as bad as my constituents.

MR. SHUFFLER

Yes, I guess we'll all live in Washington after this. It'll be pretty uncomfortable at home.

THE GENERAL

(*Looking at his watch*) Gentlemen, I'm expecting some ladies, but it will only be my daughter

and poor Mrs. Hawk. (*Heaving a sigh*) The hardest part of my duties is to answer the questions of the women who come to ask about their husbands and sons.

SENATOR ROCK

You would not know the Barneys now. Since Charley Barney was killed, poor Mrs. Barney's a different woman.

THE GENERAL

Young Barney died gallantly. He was a young fool, but there was good stuff in him way down underneath. (*The old colored* MESSENGER *comes in and speaks to* THE GENERAL. THE GENERAL *looks at his watch again and says to the* SENATORS *in a low hurried voice*) It is poor Mrs. Hawk coming to inquire whether Hawk's body has been found.

DRAKE *goes and opens the door. There stand on the threshold* MRS. HAWK, *heavily veiled, and* MRS. DRAKE, *also wearing black. They pause a moment, the* SENATORS *and* MR. SHUFFLER *all stand up in respectful attitude. The ladies enter and sit at the right of the desk of* THE CHIEF OF STAFF.

THE GENERAL

(*To* MRS. HAWK) You know all these gentlemen, my dear. They're all heartbroken like you. They've all been punished sorely, and theirs is the bitterness of regret. You have lost your husband in a noble cause. Would you rather speak to me privately, or may they remain?

MRS. HAWK

(*In a voice hardly audible*) Oh, yes, I only want the news. Has any news come?

THE GENERAL

(*Reaching for a paper*) Yes, my dear, a despatch came this afternoon. (*Putting on his glasses and scrutinizing the paper*) The enemy had landed a body of infantry with machine guns. Colonel Hawk's command, acting as infantry, was defending the knoll where the flag flew on the fortifications. They had repelled three charges of overwhelming numbers. The enemy's fleet bombarded the position with thirteen-inch shells. The same shell demolished the flag-staff and killed your gallant husband. Nothing was found but his sword. (THE GENERAL'S *voice trembles with emotion, he wipes his eyeglasses briskly and clears*

his throat) I had them send that back for you.

He goes to his desk and takes the sword and hands it to MRS. HAWK. *She bends over it in anguish.* MRS. DRAKE *comes and puts her arm around her and tries to comfort her.* DRAKE *goes and stands near his wife, holding her hand.*

MRS. DRAKE

Remember, dear, we're going to carry on your husband's work.

THE GENERAL

The night before Hawk went to the war he let us see into his heart; he let us understand his conception of the American nation as a happy family working together for the greatest good and happiness of all. His criticism was severe because his ideal was so high. He loved his country with his whole heart and soul. His ideals of America were no distant vision. To him they were a rule of life, a yearning passion for realization. He believed in the America of his ideals. (*Pause*) Edith, do you want to take his sword with you?

MRS. HAWK

(*Who has been patting the sword unconsciously, presses her lips to it and then holds it out to* THE GENERAL) No, General, I want it to hang there with the Revolutionary sword until my little boy is old enough to understand.

THE GENERAL

(*Takes the sword and walks slowly over and hangs it up in its old place; and, lingering with his hand on the crossed swords, says*) God grant they may never be unsheathed again. God grant that we may defend the peace of America by preparedness and not by bloodshed.

Another pause. THE GENERAL *goes back and stands with his hand on* MRS. HAWK'S *shoulder.*

MRS. DRAKE

(*To the* SENATORS) Mrs. Hawk has given her entire fortune to carry on Harry's work.

MR. DRAKE

(*To the* SENATORS) Hawk and I had a compact to organize the National Patriotic League with a branch in every town, village, county and

ward to revive the old American spirit and awaken the people to trust in each other and to work together, to be patriotic and to discharge the duties of our representative government.

MRS. DRAKE

(*To the* SENATORS) And you'll all help us, won't you? (*Pleadingly*) You'll all join this Patriotic League? Edith will never stop crying. Won't you help me comfort her? Won't you join as Americans in keeping her husband's memory green and carrying out her husband's work? Go home now and begin doing your duty to your country. Remember we're all one family. Do let us all join to make the family *good* and *happy* — that's the important thing — not to be rich and big and miserable.

CURTAIN

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